THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3024.—VOL. CX. SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1897. SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½D.



THE QUEEN AND THE BEGGAR.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.

As the Queen was returning in her carriage from Saint-Jean on March 18, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and the Countess of Antrim, her Majesty suddenly found herself a competitor in an impromptu race. An aged beggar, who frequents the Villefranche road in a ricketty little vehicle drawn by a pair of dogs, has frequently been the recipient of the Queen's largess. On this occasion, having already received a coin from her Majesty, he seems to have been anxious to afford his royal patroness some small entertainment in return for her charity, and accordingly set his dogs to race the royal carriage. For a space the dogs outstripped the horses, much to the amusement of the Queen, who eventually bestowed another coin on the old man.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Mr. Andrew Lang "At the Sign of the Ship" in *Longman's* has a capital story of a printer's error which happened to himself. In a magazine article of his own he found the amazing line, "The want of historical perspective, which makes the moment hide the great Shakespeare of time." He had written "the great *abysm* of time," which could hardly have been mistaken for the name of the Swan of Avon. The proof-reader had queried "abysm," and Mr. Lang had written an explanatory "Shakespeare" in the margin. His intention was misunderstood, and "Shakespeare" was inserted. This seems like an unparalleled printer's error, yet curiously enough a similar mistake was made in the 12mo Bible printed in 1805 for the Bible Society at Cambridge. The proof-reader, being in doubt as to whether he should remove a comma, applied to his superior, and the reply "To remain," pencilled on the margin, was transferred to the body of the text. It was repeated in the 8vo edition, and those Bibles are now known as the "To Remain Bibles."

With collectors (and others) it is well known that those editions of the Scriptures which have printer's errors in them are thought much more highly of than those which are faultless. Of the "Breeches Bible" most people have heard; but the "Bug Bible" has a more limited reputation. "Bug" was originally identical with "bogie," and is rendered as "terror" in the Authorised translation, but in the edition of 1561 the old word is retained: "Thou shalt not neade to be afraid for any bugges by night" (Psalm xci. 5). At our seaside and other lodging-houses this rendering of the text would still have a practical application. The "Treacle Bible" (1568) substitutes that favourite condiment for "balm" in Gilead (Jeremiah viii. 22). In the "Wicked Bible" (1631) the negative is left out of the Seventh Commandment, which cost the printers a fine of £2000. In the "Ear-to-Ear Bible" (1810) the "h" is left out of the second "hear." There are many other curious biblical errors, which is hardly to be wondered at when we consider the size of the sacred volume. But the most curious Bible eccentricity, as Mr. Walsh points out in his interesting "Handbook of Literary Curiosities," is the New Testament issued by the Rev. Edward Harwood, D.D., an eighteenth century divine, whose happy thought was "to clothe the genuine ideas and doctrines of the Apostles with that propriety and perspicuity in which they themselves, he apprehends, would have exhibited had they now lived and written in our language." While admitting that the ordinary translation had a certain "venerable sacredness," the learned Doctor opined that "an attempt to diffuse over the sacred page the elegance of modern English might allure men of cultivated minds to a book, alas! too generally neglected." Accordingly, Nicodemus is described as "this gentleman," the convert Damaris as "a lady of distinction," and the daughter of Herodias as "a young lady who danced with inimitable grace and elegance." The words addressed to the daughter of Jairus are, "Young lady, arise!" and St. Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration exclaims, "Oh, Sir, what a delectable residence we might fix here!" This edition might well have been called the "Genteel Bible."

The increase of inmates in our pauper asylums of late years has been very large, which is ascribed by our optimists to the greater attention and solicitude paid to that unhappy class; while, on the other hand, a small but positive decrease in the number of lunatics in higher circles is pointed to with triumph as a refutation of the ill effects ascribed to the hurry and worry, the anxieties and struggles, of modern life. This satisfaction, however, seems marred by the fact that a good many very eccentric persons (to put it mildly) are going about at large who used formerly to be under control. It is now made so dangerous for doctors to give certificates of lunacy that they shrink from doing so except in extreme cases, and not a few catastrophes have happened in consequence. Under the old system there were many infamous cases of improper detention, for the sake of gain, but it is doubtful whether we have not now gone too far in the direction of liberty. There is no doubt that this change has been partly effected through the influence of fiction; "novels with a purpose"—that of calling attention to the wrongs of those unjustly detained in private asylums—have had great influence on the public mind, such as Lefanu's "Rose and the Key," Reade's "Hard Cash," and Cockton's "Valentine Vox." The immense popularity of the last story—a very inferior one to the other two—is scarcely understood. It is probably more read by a class which reads but little than any other novel. Its main attraction is doubtless the absurd situations arising from the hero's gift of ventriloquism, but the scene where the victim is driven into insanity at the asylum in readiness for the visit of the Government Inspector is as powerful as it is painful. I have not read it for many a year, but the description of the poor wretch's naked feet being tickled with a feather abides in my unwilling mind more than any horror of the Inquisition. People who are not ticklish will not perhaps appreciate it as it deserves; but I note without surprise that at least one philosopher has pointed out that one of the most marked differences between man and the rest of the animal creation is that he cannot stand being tickled, while they—speaking generally, for nobody has ventured upon the experiment with the great carnivora—appear to enjoy it.

In the *Critic* there is a communication from a correspondent giving an interesting experience of the working of a servants' library. Whether from philanthropic motives or in order to conciliate a class they find very difficult to deal with, some heads of households in America have established kitchen libraries. "For many years," says the correspondent, "we have had a library for the servants in their sitting-room. It contains all the best novels, books of history and natural history, of travel, and works of general information." They are constantly read, she tells us, by the majority, and even by the grooms and farm hands (for she lives in the country), and with good results. She had been ill for awhile and unable to attend to the matter, but, being on the subject, inquired: "Thomas, is there an Encyclopædia in the library? I have forgotten." "No, Madam; but I have bought a small one for myself." "And now how about the books of poetry; I am afraid many of them have been lost?" "Yes, Madam, they have been, but they [the servants] have each their own books of poetry." This gives one quite a new idea of the American "help." We hardly expected to hear of a "Thomas" in that free country who calls his mistress "Madam"; but this is what comes of possessing a cyclopædia of one's own. The lady's cook is a passionate admirer of Shelley, and, let us hope, refuses to make a lark-pudding. Her choice of a poet rather astonishes me; I should have thought she would have preferred the bard who wrote "The Epicurean Sentimentalist"—

I think it was spring—but not certain I am—
When my passion began first to work;
But I know we were certainly looking for lamb,
And the season was over for pork.

'Twas at Christmas, I think, when I met with Miss Chase,
Yes—for Morris had asked me to dine—
And I thought I had never beheld such a face,
Or so noble a turkey and chine.

. . . . . .

We went to—it certainly was the seaside;
For the next, the most blessed of morns,
I remember how fondly I gazed at my bride
Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.

Oh! never may memory lose sight of that year,
But still hallow the time as it ought;
That season the "grass" was remarkably dear,
And the peas at a guinea a quart.

In England it is very common for gentlemen to marry their cooks, though I never could understand why, since when transformed into "missises" it is probable they decline any more to minister to their husbands' palates. But a cook who appreciates Shelley might tempt a man of culture, independently of her professional skill. There seems to be only one drawback to the kitchen library: "transient servants," rather a numerous class in the United States, "sometimes carry off the books with them." If this, however, is for the purpose of cultivating their minds, and not of realisation, it should be no discouragement to the philanthropic.

Any attempt of man to perpetuate his memory is open to objection. His fellow-man may express his admiration of it, but he secretly resents it. Why can't he be content with his three-score years and ten, like other people? Nobody really wants him back again. We may speak of his memory as "half divine" when our hearts are warmed with wine, but we both hope and believe that he is better where he is. Such additions to our span of life are unnatural, and like "continuations" in literary works, almost always failures. The "pious founder," who might well have thought himself secure, has long ago been found out. He may have been actuated by love of the Church, or more probably by fear of the Devil, but what was at the bottom of his motives was vanity. His name must be on the coping-stone of his own institution, his memory must be drunk in grace-cups, scholars must thank their stars that he was born before them. Some members of his foundation do continue to feel a certain personal gratitude to him, but it is rare, and the feeling is not permanent. Eventually, all that he has bequeathed for purposes he honestly thought to be beneficial, but which have perhaps turned out quite otherwise, falls into the hands of a Board, when his memory is lost indeed. It is humiliating to have to confess that nothing preserves the recollection of a man in the minds of the generation that secured him so much as a good dinner. That is the part of the bequest of the pious founder which we personally associate with him, and when we stand up, goblet in hand, and drink to his memory, some sort of dim reproduction of his personality is for the moment impressed upon us: but for him we should have had to pay for our meal.

Under these circumstances the method adopted by a late resident at Mons as a means of keeping his memory green among his friends is by no means an unintelligent one. He does not care about his mere name being perpetuated among generations that have never known him, but only wishes to prolong for a little the cordiality and good fellowship that have always existed between himself and a few friends whom he has preceded into the land of forgetfulness. He has left among five of them £600 to be spent in dining at certain restaurants on dishes of which he was particularly fond, while at each meal his memory is to be drunk in his favourite wine. It is characteristic of the class—from the "pious founder" downwards—that the dishes and the wines are to be those which he, and not his guests (though much more interested in the matter than he is) prefer; but save for that little drawback the bequest is not an unpleasing one, and at least shows a genial disposition. His five friends are presumably not rich men; if he had lived he would have had the pleasure of entertaining them, as he had probably often done before; and since he was to be taken from them he was resolved they should not lack their usual invitation. If the preservation of his memory under favourable circumstances was his object, he could, indeed, have hardly hit upon a better plan. Let us hope the money will be spent while his friends are still alive. The evil of anniversary dinners is that year by year the company grows more select, and, as it is not a tontine, where the longest liver gets the greatest benefit, it becomes very melancholy to the survivors. This drawback must be much more serious in the present case, where the sentiment is so entirely personal; and one would therefore recommend that the banquets should not be cheap ones. The object of the testator was evidently not so much to prolong his memory as to keep it green and genial, so that a too severe economy is to be deprecated. It is better for the five to dine together well than for only three or four of them to dine together longer. Without recommending this species of bequest, it really seems that this citizen of Mons had as good an intention in his mind as most testators; he might, indeed, have done much better, for he might have left his money to the reader or me, but it must be admitted that his five friends had a prior claim.

It is often complained of Mr. Anstey Guthrie that he has never given us a work equal to his "Vice Versâ." The literary world is like that of politics as regards ingratitude. Why should it expect to have two such books from the same person? The youth of the author is somewhat, of course, to blame for this. If a young man of five-and-twenty gives us a *chef-d'œuvre*, what ought he not to give us at five-and-thirty? It is like a rule-of-three sum. In the case in question, however, the author's youth was of great assistance to him, for it enabled him to describe "the boy" as he has never been so well depicted before, while he had him still fresh in his memory. Tom Hughes's boys, it is true, were excellent in their way, but they were, to a certain extent, made to order, not only to adorn a tale but to point a moral. They are described *de haut en bas* from the standpoint of a man. This, however, is beside the question, for his boys were of a higher social class than those of Mr. Guthrie, in the one case belonging to public, in the other to private schools. Because the author of "Vice Versâ" made such a distinguished success, the public seem to have been disappointed with him for not having repeated it in his novels, which, although far above the average, have not the same separateness and distinction. He was more successful with his semi-humorous, semi-supernatural tales, such as "The Fallen Idol" and "The Tinted Venus"; but since they were similar in conception to his first work they suffered from comparison with it. There is no living writer, in fact, who has suffered so much from that most fatal form of comparison, rivalry with himself. Unjustly, in my opinion, as he has been treated of late years in the way of recognition, no one questions his excellence as a master of dialogue. His "Voces Populi," as a reproduction of social conversation, whether between Algy and Guendoline or 'Arry and 'Arriet, has never been surpassed.

In his latest volume, "Puppets at Large" (formerly in Mr. *Punch's* show), there are some delightful examples of this talent in "Doing a Cathedral." As we listen to the observations made by the visitors, we seem to be there ourselves. In "Rus in Urbe," sheep-shearing in Regent's Park, there is an admirable description of the scene and of the *dramatis personæ*—

A railed-in corner of the park. Time, about seven p.m. Inside the enclosure three shepherds are engaged in shearing the park sheep. The first shepherd has just thrown his patient on its back, gripped its shoulders between his knees, and tucked its head, as a tiresome and obstructive excrescence, neatly away under one of his arms, while he reaches for one of his shears. The second is straddled across his animal, which is lying with its hind legs hobbled on a low stage under an elm, in a state of stoical resignation, as its fleece is deftly nipped from under its chin. The third operator has almost finished his sheep, which, as its dark grey fleece slips away from its pink and white neck and shoulders, suggests a rather *décolletée* dowager in the act of removing her theatre-cloak in the stalls. Sheep already shorn lie and pant in shame and shivering bewilderment: one or two nibble the blades of grass, as if to assure themselves that that resource is still open to them. Sheep whose turn is still to come are penned up at the back, and look on scandalised, but with an air which seems to express that their own superior respectability is a sufficient protection against similar outrage.

This description precedes the article in italics, just as stage directions are indicated in the libretto, and involuntarily suggests to us—Why does not a writer with this power of humorous observation and mastery of dialogue give us a comedy?

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN AT CANNES.

There was quite an English gathering at Cannes last week, when the Queen journeyed thither to pay a visit to the Queen of Hanover and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. On the journey from Nice to Cannes, which was accomplished by special train, her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, and was received at Cannes station by the Prince of Wales, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, and the English Vice-Consul, Mr. Taylor. At the Hôtel du Parc the English muster was increased by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who came over from Grasse for the occasion. The Queen returned to Nice the same afternoon, the passage of the royal carriage through the streets of Cannes, on its way back to the station, being greeted with many demonstrations of pleasure, as on its journey into the town, by large numbers of spectators. Among the guests whom her Majesty has entertained at luncheon have been Princess Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Prince and Princess of Thurn and Taxis, Duke Siegfried of Bavaria. Although the weather has not been so mild as it was when the Queen first arrived in the Riviera, her Majesty has continued to take the air in her open carriage with a constancy which surprises the neighbourhood. Neither cold nor rain keeps the Queen within doors, for one morning when she admitted that it was too cold for her wonted drive in her donkey-chaise her Majesty went for a walk, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, and after exploring the ruins of the ancient Roman Temple of Apollo, walked as far as the Church of Cimiez to inspect its valuable paintings, and was subsequently conducted by the prior over the neighbouring Franciscan monastery. An amusing incident connected with one of the Queen's longer drives is described on another page.

THE EASTERN CRISIS.

The distracted Admirals in the Cretan waters are now assuring us that the insurgents are making war upon Europe. This is the not unnatural outcome of the amazing policy which these unfortunate commanders have been compelled to pursue by their respective Governments. It is understood that they have urged the Ambassadors at Constantinople to press upon the Powers the necessity of withdrawing the Turkish troops from Crete and setting the machinery of "autonomy" going. The absurdity of expecting the Cretans to believe in what Mr. Balfour calls the freedom of the island from Turkish interference in its internal affairs while the troops of the Sultan are still engaged in active operations against the insurgents is sufficiently manifest. To talk about "liberty" to a people in arms whom the champions of this "liberty" are striving to subjugate by a blockade is rather worse than useless. These things are plain to the Admirals, the Consuls in Crete, and the Ambassadors at Constantinople; but they appear to make absolutely no impression on the Concert. They must be thoroughly understood by Lord Salisbury; and everybody knows that if Lord Salisbury had his way, there would be a real attempt to conciliate the Cretans. But conciliation does not suit the Emperor William. All the English correspondents in Crete and in the European capitals can see that the rational solution of the question is the union of Crete with Greece. But a rational solution seems quite remote from the policy of the Imperial Chancelleries. So the Admirals are left to struggle with a situation which involves them in deeper and deeper discredit with the majority of the population to whom they were sent as messengers of peace and freedom. What is to be the upshot? Europe must either conquer the Cretans or let them have their way. At present there is every indication that the Concert will take neither course. To conquer Crete in the name of "autonomy" would need about eighty thousand men. The Admirals have at their disposal about three thousand European troops, and there is little chance that this imposing force will be materially increased. The insurgents are more than a match for the remnant of the Turks, who are driven out of blockhouses even when assisted by the guns of the war-ships. The use of these guns is not exactly felicitous, for when one of the blockhouses was captured it was shelled by the ships, with the result that some of the Turkish garrison were killed. The demon of bungling haunts every act of the Admirals, and intensifies the exasperation of the people. It is no longer pretended that the Cretans do not want annexation to Greece. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who has visited many of the villages in the interior, has made it clear that these mountaineers are determined to defy Europe to the last. They are not Armenians who meekly submit to be slaughtered, but the most resolute warriors in Christendom with the exception of the Montenegrins. As for Greece, the departure of the Crown Prince for Larissa shows that King George and his Ministers have not the least idea of yielding to coercion, direct or indirect. A war between Greece and Turkey may be disastrous to the Greeks, especially if the Powers are determined that Greece shall not have fair play. It is conceivable that, if defeated, she will be crushed outright, and that if victorious, she will be robbed of the fruits of victory by a European Congress. Even then the Cretan question will be no nearer solution, for the destruction of Greece would leave Colonel Vassos and the Cretan insurgents precisely where they stand now. These considerations sufficiently explain the reluctance of Lord Salisbury to commit himself to direct participation in the coercion of Greece, which will, in all probability, precipitate war on the Thessalian frontier.

FIRE AT CHESTER TOWN HALL.

The Municipal Buildings, including the Town Hall with the Exchange, in the ancient city of Chester, form a handsome range of modern Gothic architecture, completed in 1869, and then opened by the Prince of Wales, having been erected after the burning of the old Town Hall in 1862. Last Saturday evening, by a disaster of a similar kind, but which was happily checked in time to save the greater part of those fine buildings, the Council Chamber in the north wing was entirely destroyed. Its decorations and furniture were costly, and it contained pictures, the portraits of former Mayors and worthy citizens, two of which—those of Major French and Alderman Cross, the Mayor in 1832—could not be rescued from the flames. The damage is estimated at £10,000, but the Corporation is insured to that amount or more. By the efforts of Mr. J. M. Jones, the city surveyor, Mr. W. Peers, clerk of committees, and several other gentlemen, at the head of a willing band of assistants, much valuable property was removed from the apartments of the city officers and from the Law Library. The City Fire Brigade, under command of Captain Clemence and Lieutenant Harrison, aided by Lord Gerald Grosvenor with the Duke of Westminster's Fire Brigade from Eaton Hall and by that from Hoole, summoned by Mr. J. S. Ford, riding on his bicycle, contrived to prevent the fire spreading to the great central tower. It seemed for a while in considerable danger, but a strong west wind happily aided the diversion of the flames from that part of the buildings. The fire, which was discovered at half-past six o'clock in the evening, continued over two hours before it was effectually subdued. It seems to have originated in a defective chimney-flue along the roof, immediately above the ceiling of the Council Chamber. Thousands of people were in the streets watching the conflagration, but good order was kept by the police, with the assistance of a military detachment from the Castle.



Photo G. Addason, Chester.

FIRE AT CHESTER TOWN HALL.

The interior of the Council Chamber, viewed by many persons when the fire was completely extinguished, was a deplorable scene of wreck and ruin. The roof had fallen in; a few charred and broken rafters lay on the floor, with fragments of the ornamental chimneypieces and remains of the horse-shoe tables around the room; twisted wires of the electric light fittings, and masses of melted lead from the roof were hanging to the walls. These, having been lined with pitch-pine panelling, were scorched to blackness.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

As the long period of training for the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race draws to an end, prophecies as to the probable result of the struggle, as a rule, grow more and more clamorously confident. But though this year the current odds are strongly in favour of an eighth successive victory for the Dark Blues, good judges are not wanting who have abated but little of the faith with which the remarkably neat style of the Light Blues originally inspired them, and think that Cambridge will still, at the least, make a very good fight. Both crews are better than they were last year, the Cambridge men in particular having greatly improved upon their immediate predecessors in style and pace alike. The Oxford crew, which includes seven of last year's oarsmen to the four of Cambridge, showed itself in the earliest stages of training to be exceptionally strong, and since its arrival on the course it has outgrown the raggedness which was its chief point of inferiority to the Cambridge boat. The usual trials have been made, but time tests are not infallible. Indeed, results often go to prove that they are distinctly misleading. Still, it is perhaps worthy of note that the Oxonians have broken the record over the full course. Within a few hours of the appearance of these remarks, however, the "Water Derby" of the year will once more have been won—and lost. Meantime we follow our custom of publishing the portraits of the rival crews on the day of the time-honoured race.

PARLIAMENT.

The Education Bill has a smoother passage through the Lords than was its fortune in the Commons. After one night's debate it was read a second time by a majority of 109 to 15, and it is to pass into law without any amendment whatever. The contention is not that it is a perfect measure, but that amendments, however reasonable, would cause delay. This argument may be justified by circumstances, but it has no precedent in the case of a measure not designed to facilitate the administration of fundamental order. In the Commons Ministers have been hard pressed by questions about Crete and by incidental debates on the same subject. Mr. Curzon read a report from Admiral Harris to the effect that Colonel Vassos was making war upon the Powers. This led to a discussion initiated by Mr. Dillon, whose speech was described by Mr. Curzon as "either an outrage or a farce." Mr. Balfour repeated his familiar statement that the desire of the Powers is to give Crete "an absolutely effective autonomy"; but he did not explain when and how this autonomy was to begin. To the point that the retention of the Turkish troops in Crete made the offer of autonomy seem to the Cretans "either an outrage or a farce," there was no reply. Mr. Morley, in an earlier discussion, endeavoured without success to extract some information as to the practical details which the Concert of Europe are devising for the execution of this project of autonomy. Who is to be Governor of Crete? When is the Sultan's direct authority, as represented by Turkish garrisons, to disappear? In the present state of negotiations, Mr. Balfour was evidently unable to give the necessary information; but this did not prevent him from inviting the Opposition to move a vote of censure. If, as Mr. Balfour suggested, Mr. Morley's speech was an embarrassment to the policy of the Government, how would matters be improved in this respect by a "no confidence" debate? The discussion of the financial relations between England and Ireland was opened by Mr. Blake in a long speech. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied with a skill and cogency that greatly impressed the House. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has never spoken with greater effect. This debate has certainly done little to promote the new harmony of Irish Home Rulers and Unionists, which was supposed to threaten the stability of the Government.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Following fast on the heels of Mr. Jones, Mr. Pinero has broken a silence too prolonged; and "The Princess and the Butterfly; or, The Fantastics," produced at the St. James's Theatre on March 29, is the result. It is stage comedy of a new *genre*, a study of life in the Meredithian key, elusive, complex, to be seen again and again before its full import may be grasped. The mere externals are sufficiently bewildering, for the comedy is in five acts—four of them in totally different places—takes over four hours to play, and is worked out by no fewer than nine-and-twenty people. The enthusiastic reception of the play on the opening night was surely an acceptance of its value on trust, for while some of the professional critics, writing on the first blush, have been utterly puzzled and therefore irritated, the general audience, not called on to state its valuations *pro* and *con*, were charmed with Mr. Pinero's pretty wit. Mr. Pinero has found drama in the eternal conflict between youth and middle age—a struggle that is the basis of "John Gabriel Borkman" on the one hand, to say nothing of "The Master Builder" and of Mr. Hardy's "Well-Beloved" on the other. The story is as nothing compared with the elaborate and delicate methods by which it has been built up. The Princess of Pannonia awakes one morning to find her forty years quite an old age, despite all her beauty and all her charm. Her old friend Sir George Lamorant, as a bachelor of five-and-forty, feels but a poor broken butterfly for whom the summer is ended. And then Mr. Pinero compounds for them that *elixir vitæ* of constant love which he presented long ago in "Sweet Lavender." The Princess meets in Edward Oriel (*ætat.* seven-and-twenty) a lover and a harbinger of youth. For Sir George the great secret of youth is brought back in the shape of an Italian girl, Fay Zuliani, a child of the gutter, with the eternal woman in her. The play belongs to the region of poetry—fantasy Mr. Pinero calls it—and must be accepted as such. Regarded as realities instead of symbols, it may bore; but the first-night audience chose to take Mr. Pinero at his word, and enjoyed the full force of his subtle fancy. The discovery of the play, so far as the acting went, was Miss Fay Davis's presentation of Fay Zuliani, a beautiful convincing picture that stands by itself in the modern stage gallery. Again and again was she recalled, for she had absolutely triumphed. Miss Julia Neilson, while scarcely realising the possibilities of her part, acted better than usual; and Mr. H. V. Esmond, as a good-natured, middle-aged man, going through life like an ostrich, was remarkably clever. Mr. Alexander was the butterfly baronet brought back to love and life; and his colleagues—notably Miss Rose Leclercq—were fairly well chosen. It is impossible to convey any idea of the wealth of wit and wisdom of this play, of its airy charm of dialogue and philosophy. It is the full flower of Mr. Pinero's genius as a writer of comedy; and Mr. Alexander, in the magnificent mounting, has presented it in that spirit.

"THE PHYSICIAN," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

After a silence of many months, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has appeared once more for the benefit of the serious playgoer, whose decay he has lamented in a somewhat bitterly expressed regret. "The Physician" was produced by Mr. Charles Wyndham at the Criterion Theatre on March 25. Dr. Lewin Carey (Mr. Wyndham), the great nerve-specialist of Cavendish Square, had almost reached the highest place of his department, when he found himself quite as much in need of a physician as the most neurasthenic patient in his keeping. The general collapse had an emotional origin pure and simple. For seven years he had relied on the friendship (or something stronger) of Lady Valerie Camville (Miss Marion Terry), whose blackguard husband stayed abroad. The position became, of course, untenable, and her ladyship (who is unmistakably the twin sister of the angel who drove the light of life from the soul of the Rev. Michael Feversham), declining to sink in a bog of newspaper mud thrown up by a divorce action, and unable to face the raised eyebrows of society, cried off. Carey must have been forty, but he felt as much crushed as if he had been in his teens. His environment suddenly became insupportable, and he threw up his practice. Precisely at this juncture, Edana Hinde (Miss Mary Moore), the daughter of the charming old vicar of Fontleas, walked into the doctor's consulting-room to plead the sad case of her fiancé, Walter Amphiel (Mr. Thalberg), whose mysterious illness was wearing the life out of her. Like a drowning man, the doctor clutched at the straw and took up his quarters at Fontleas to study the case. Amphiel stayed away mysteriously for three months, at the end of which time Carey was over head and ears in love with the girl. The situation, if invalidating the conventional hero of a love romance, is very human and plausible, for not only was Edana the direct (and salutary) contrast to Lady Valerie, but the similar emotional plight in which the girl and the doctor were immersed quickened all his sympathies for her. When Amphiel returned the doctor discovered him to be a hopeless dipsomaniac who had consulted him in a roundabout way three months previously. He said nothing to Edana, but actually took the youth in charge, tending him anxiously for her sake on the one hand, hating the youth bitterly as his rival on the other. That is the strongest strain in the play. But Edana, hid behind a curtain—a disillusionising device—heard Amphiel accuse himself before the doctor of another outbreak, and from that moment he was a doomed man in her estimation. He went off for a long tour with the doctor, and succumbed to the inevitable attack on the voyage, so that the doctor came back to the arms of Edana at Fontleas. The play, whether you analyse it or not, strikes you as being not quite right. The fact is Mr. Jones has introduced several methods without following up any one. Thus Lady Valerie is a mere tantalising will-o'-the-wisp, who might have been taken for granted without actually appearing. As it is she distracts and irritates one in view of the delightful acting of Miss Terry. Pitted against her, Edana, as played by Miss Mary Moore, spoils Carey as a hero in the eyes of the audience, and it is as a half-conventional hero that he must be accepted. Few actors save Mr. Wyndham could make Carey pass muster at all, and even then the portrait is too reminiscent of his late lamented Sir Jasper. Mr. Thalberg gives a wonderfully vivid and repulsive picture of the dipsomaniac, and Mr. Alfred Bishop is perfect as the Vicar. The play bristles with clever character parts, which are admirably acted by everybody concerned.



THE EASTERN CRISIS.—DEPARTURE OF SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS FROM MALTA FOR CRETE: MARCHING INTO VALETTA AFTER INSPECTION BY THE GOVERNOR OF MALTA.

From a Sketch by Staff-Surgeon A. Gascoigne Wildey, H.M.S. "Cruiser."



"THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY," MR. PINERO'S NEW PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Edward Oriel (Mr. H. B. Irving) pleading his suit to the Princess Pannonia (Miss Julia Neilson), who regards the incident as a painful dilemma.—Act III.

See Preceding Page.

PERSONAL.

Prince Henri of Orleans has caused no small amazement in this country by an attack on British policy in Egypt. He describes that policy as prejudicial to Egyptian interests, and accuses us of having robbed Egypt of some millions sterling. The basis of this remarkable piece of arithmetic is not given. The latest news of this eccentric sprig of disconsolate French royalty is that he wants to fight a duel with a M. Bonvalot. Both the Prince and M. Bonvalot are on their way to the Court of the Emperor Menelik. Perhaps the Abyssinian Sovereign will encourage the project of a duel with the devout hope that the combatants may kill each other. That would be a characteristic stroke of Oriental humour.

Oxford has a share in the romance of the Cretan insurrection. One of the leaders, Constantin Manos, was lately a student at Balliol. He does not appear to have achieved any distinction in the class lists, but he was the first of the besiegers to enter the Malaxa blockhouse and save the lives of the surviving Turks. More than that, he saved the life of a correspondent of the *Times* who was in danger of being shot as a spy. These performances have certainly given Constantin Manos a more considerable fame than he would have gained by lingering on the banks of Isis.

The dinner given to Sir Alfred Milner by some of his old friends and colleagues was significant of the strong social ties in English public life. Mr. Asquith was in the chair, and the principal speech was made by the Colonial Secretary. The interchange of compliments between these redoubtable antagonists gave to the occasion that personal note of sincerity which sweetens the bitterest of our political controversies. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Asquith have had some memorable encounters. So have Mr. Balfour and Mr. Morley. Nobody who heard Mr. Morley's attack on the Cretan policy of the Government and Mr. Balfour's reply would have expected to see these political foes and personal friends seated together in Mrs. Asquith's box at the Lyceum, amicably contemplating the desperate villainy of Sir Henry Irving in "Richard III."

Although the Benin Expedition was not long in bearing down all opposition, the sharp fighting which took place in the final advance on the town gave scope for several gallant actions on the part of officers and men alike, besides, alas!, carrying several much lamented deaths in its train. Lieutenant Percy Beamish, of H. M. S. *Phœbe*, whose portrait is here reproduced, proved his British pluck by picking up a wounded marine under heavy fire and bearing him, with the help of a servant of Dr. Felix Roth, over a distance of fully forty yards, under fire, to a place of shelter. Lieutenant Beamish was appointed to the *Phœbe*, on the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa station, some two years ago.



Photo Whiteley, Westbourne Grove.
LIEUTENANT BEAMISH.

The Duke of Coburg would have heard many pleasant remarks on his musicianly accomplishments could he have been present the other night at the annual banquet of the Westminster Orchestral Society, of which he is president. The dinner was a very pleasant affair, enlivened by an attractive programme of music, and the three hundred members and guests followed with interest the brief sketch of musical history since the beginning of the Queen's reign with which the chairman, General Charles Sim, ushered in the other speeches of the evening.

Lady Victoria Wellesley, who died last Monday at the age of seventy-eight, was the only surviving child of the fourth Earl of Mornington. On the death of her brother, the fifth Earl, more than thirty years ago, Lady Victoria succeeded to all his property, but the title became merged in that of the Dukedom of Wellington.

Some further pleasant "Table-Talk of Shirley" may possibly be expected before long, for the author of that chatty work, Dr. John Skelton, C.B., will now have fresh leisure to devote to literature, having retired from the Vice-Presidency of the Local Government Board of Scotland.

The renewal of the muzzling order has caused great excitement among the owners of dogs. The muzzles this time must be made of wire, leather muzzles being regarded by official authority as useless, because they can be cut. As the resources of science are not unequal to the mutilation of wire muzzles, the alleged difficulty of efficiently muzzling a dog seems still remote from solution. Probably a complete headpiece made of very tough metal will eventually be imposed on the canine community; and then Ouida will write a scathing satire called "The Dog in the Iron Mask."

"His Majesty," who once more realised royalty at the Savoy, has effected several changes in his own person and environment since he ascended the throne afforded him by Mr. D'Oyly Carte. Mr. George Grossmith has given place to Mr. H. A. Lytton, who is one of the cleverest and most delightful actors in Mr. Carte's provincial companies, and who ought to have been seen in London long ere now. And what "His Majesty" has got to say and do has been altered. Thus the opera goes much better than it did at the opening night; as well as ever it will go, in fact.

Perhaps the saddest fatality connected with the successful Benin Expedition is the death of Captain Gervis Taylor Byrne, who lived to reach home, though suffering intensely from a wound received at the taking of Benin city, but succumbed to his injuries at St. Thomas's Hospital on March 24. The gallant officer, who was only thirty-six years of age, was wounded by a native stationed in a tree, the bullet entering his side and passing downwards into his spine, and medical aid proved powerless to save him. Captain Byrne joined the Plymouth Division of the Royal Marine Light Infantry seventeen years ago, and took part in the Pahang operations of 1892, having previously served at sea on the China station. Captain Byrne was buried in the cemetery at Haslar, with full naval honours. The coffin was received at Stokes Bay station by Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and more than two hundred naval and military officers, together with several hundreds of soldiers and sailors of the ranks, were present at the singularly impressive service which consigned the dead officer to his last resting-place.

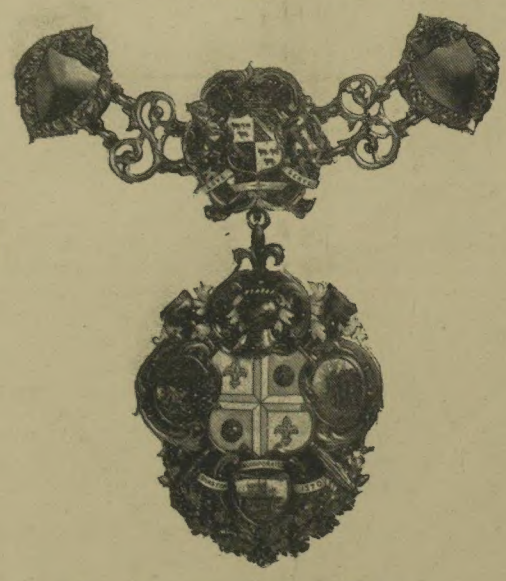


THE LATE CAPTAIN BYRNE.

Mr. Clement Scott can write as he runs—for his recollections, published under the title of "The Wheel of Life" (Greening), were originally "dashed off at lightning speed" for the *Whitehall Review*; but here, as always, he can attract the attention of the man who runs and reads. These sketches are but a "preliminary canter" in the way of reminiscences, but they are so lively that the gallop itself will prove absorbing from every point of view. Perhaps Mr. Scott might have eliminated some of the slashes which he makes at his present-day enemies. But he has led a life of such activity in the Bohemian London of thirty years and more that the story which he has to tell is full of varied interest, and is presented with a warmth and buoyancy that shows how he still retains the touch of vivid youth.

Astonishingly frank as Mr. George Street appeared in telling "The Autobiography of a Boy," he did not give an inkling of the pedigree of his hero, who is shrewdly guessed to be himself. Mr. Street is a nephew of the partners of the famous firm of Street and Co., the oldest advertising agents in London. So far from age paralysing their capabilities, they have had to meet the increase of their business by opening a branch establishment at 164, Piccadilly, so that their West-End clients need no longer tramp to their offices at Cornhill and Searle Street. It is by this constant accommodation of their clients that the firm has more than held its own for so many years.

The Dorsetshire town of Shaftesbury is known by its ancient name of Shaston to scores of people who have never been near it in the flesh but are familiar with it as a landmark in the Wessex novels of Mr. Thomas Hardy. The Mayor of Shaston is in future to outshine "The Mayor of Casterbridge" in the splendour of his insignia, for a new chain and badge of office has been designed for him by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street. The chain is composed of sixteen chased gold links, each link bearing a Norman shield surmounted by a mural crown, upon which will be engraved the names of successive



SHAFTESBURY MAYORAL CHAIN AND BADGE.

Mayors. Fleurs-de-lys, the crest of the borough, and heraldic lions' heads form the connections between the links. The centre link bears the arms of the noble family which takes its title from Shaftesbury, the motto "Love, Serve," and the name of the present Mayor, flanked on either side by the letter "S." The pendent badge is of scroll-work design, bearing in the centre the borough arms in enamel, and above them an antique helmet surmounted by a crest. At each side and below the arms are beautifully painted enamel views of the Park, the old Roman Wall, and St. Peter's Church. There is plenty of "local colour" here.

Ought domestic servants to be entitled by law to receive written characters? This is a question which has been raised in Parliament. It appears to be the habit of some masters and mistresses to refuse any characters to servants who are seeking "another place." This is evidently prejudicial to their interests; but would they be better off if the written characters were not of a laudatory kind? This may be dubious; on the other hand, a written character, unfriendly to the owner, might be a dangerous document for the writer. Many a householder, to escape a possible action for slander, would be only too willing to make the character favourable if forced to write it in compliance with the law.

Amid the mass of material which the Diamond Jubilee is calling forth, no contribution is likely to be so solid and so informing as the *Statesman's Year-Book*, which Messrs. Macmillan have just issued for this year. The volume is prefixed by a series of eight admirable maps contrasting the world of 1837 and 1897, and, as usual, the work, which increases year by year, is edited with extraordinary care by Mr. Scott Keltie and Mr. I. P. A. Renwick. In addition to the maps, a series of tables is given to show the progress of our Empire in the last sixty years. The *Statesman's Year-Book* has, indeed, eclipsed itself in this year of Jubilee.

On Thursday, March 25, the Philharmonic Society, at the Queen's Hall, gave the first of its spring concerts, under the direction of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, when that composer's new Scottish Concerto was played by M. Paderewski and the orchestra, and when Beethoven's Fourth Symphony was also given. The society thus challenged a comparison more or less directly with the Lamoureux band which had been playing in the same hall in the afternoon. The comparison was disastrous for the English orchestra. It is admitted on all hands that the Beethoven was played with exceeding dullness, and the Mackenzie Concerto was really a matter of no importance.

The Earl of Ranfurly, who has been appointed the Earl of Glasgow's successor in the important office of Governor of New Zealand, is the fifth representative of an Irish peerage which is combined with the barony of Ranfurly in the peerage of the United Kingdom. The new Governor is a comparatively young man of forty-one. He is a son of the third Earl, and succeeded his elder brother in the title in 1875. By education he is an old Harrovian and a Cambridge man, and is married to a daughter of the seventh Viscount Charlemont. He was made a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen when the present Government came into office. He is a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. His son and heir bears the title of Viscount Northland.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.
THE EARL OF RANFURLY.

The Lamoureux Concerts finished last Saturday afternoon, March 27, after a week of more or less uninterrupted triumph. A Brahms Symphony and a Schumann Symphony succeeded to the honours of the Mozart and Beethoven Symphonies previously played, and noticed here last week. In every case M. Lamoureux came out of the ordeal with his usual brilliant success, the Brahms showing his fine quality with particular emphasis. Of Wagner he did not give us much; but what he did give was in every instance worthy of the composer and the conductor. He played the "Walküren-ritt" with great power and the "Tristan" Prelude with extraordinary tenderness of feeling, although it may be freely conceded that in his Wagnerian interpretations he is less impressive than in his Mozart and Beethoven playing. He introduced us to only two novelties, both by Frenchmen, one a "Fantaisie Dialoguée" for organ and orchestra by M. Böellmann, not a very stimulating work, and a piano concerto by Saint-Saëns, an effectively reminiscent and in parts brilliant composition. As to the rest, it only remains to record that Mr. Robert Newman has engaged M. Lamoureux for another series of concerts in November.

On Thursday, March 25, at the Albert Hall, interpretations of Spohr's "Last Judgment," conducted by Professor Bridge, and of Dr. Parry's "Job," conducted by the composer, were given by the Royal Choral Society. It is the first time, we understand, that this society ever gave the "Last Judgment," so that here one had no comparisons to make between Dr. Bridge and his predecessor. On the whole, the performance was very satisfactory, although something like a catastrophe had descended upon the expected soloists. Miss Esther Palliser took the place of Miss Anna Williams, who, together with Miss Ada Crossley, was prostrated by illness. In "Job," Mr. Henschel took the part of the Patriarch, and sang the Lamentations with singular dignity and impressiveness, but the rest of the performance, with one exception, was without much spirit. That exception was the part of the shepherd boy, sung with great effect by a young singer who made her début upon this occasion, Miss Hilda Foster.

"I should like to send you *Pick-Me-Up* every week. . . . It is a dreadfully amusing paper—never fails to make me almost yell," says one of the characters in Mr. Pinero's new play, "The Princess and the Butterfly."

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

A Levée was held by the Duke of York at St. James's Palace, on Tuesday, on behalf of the Queen.

Lord Salisbury, who had a long interview with M. Hanotaux, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, on Friday, in Paris, has arrived at his villa on the Riviera, and visited the Queen on Monday.

The South Africa Inquiry Committee of the House of Commons sat on Friday and Tuesday. After ending Mr. Schreiner's examination, Dr. Jameson's evidence was taken. Mr. F. J. Newton, the resident Government Commissioner at Mafeking, on the Bechuanaland frontier, and Colonel Frank Rhodes, manager of the Consolidated Goldfields Company at Johannesburg, were examined on Tuesday. The preparations for the abortive insurrection at Johannesburg, according to Colonel Rhodes, cost a quarter of a million of money.

The Duchess of Westminster, on Saturday evening, presented shooting prizes to the Queen's Westminster Volunteers. Colonel Sir Howard Vincent, the commanding officer, presided. The Duke of Westminster, Colonel Barrington Campbell, and Captain Boisragon, one of the two survivors of the massacre at Benin, were among the gentlemen who spoke at this meeting.

The Royal National Life-Boat Institution held its annual meeting on Saturday at St. Martin's Hall. Mr. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, was in the chair. It appeared from the report that there were 298 life-boats at the close of last year. Life-boats had been launched on service 345 times, and 461 lives had been saved. The expenditure had been £78,664, and the receipts £74,587. The sum distributed in rewards was £10,616.

The Court of Common Council of the City of London has accepted an offer of Mr. Henry Clarke to have a picture painted, for the price of £1100, to be presented to the Guildhall Art Gallery as a memorial of the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign.

In the Consistory Court of the Bishop of London, on Friday, a petition was granted to allow the manuscript of Bradford's diary of the voyage of the *Mayflower* and the settlement of the Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts to be removed from the library of Fulham Palace and sent to America, under the care of the United States Ambassador, with a view to its publication.

An important appeal case has been argued in the House of Lords before the Lord Chancellor and eight other peers, with eight Judges of the High Court. It relates to a judgment in favour of two shipwrights, working at the Millwall Docks, against the London delegate of the Boilermakers' Union for damages on account of their dismissal by the Glengall Iron Company, inasmuch as he had procured their dismissal by threatening a strike unless these men, not being members of that union, were removed.

A meeting about Crete and Greece and the Eastern Question was held in the Mile End Road Assembly Hall on Tuesday evening; it was addressed by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, in the chair, Lord Coleridge, Mr. W. S. Robson, M.P., and Mr. W. C. Steadman. Resolutions were unanimously passed expressing sympathy with the Cretans and Greeks, and demanding the total abolition of Turkish rule. In Lancashire and Yorkshire similar meetings have been held.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone arrived in England from the south of France on Tuesday afternoon, and went on a visit to Lord Northbourne at Betteshanger. Mr. Cecil Rhodes returned from the Continent on the same day. The Duke of Cambridge has returned from the Riviera.

The London County Council, on Tuesday, resolved by a majority of six votes to oppose the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company's Bill in Parliament, as a protest against the recent determination of the Government and Parliament to negative the proposed compulsory purchase of all the London Water Company's works by the County Council. A debate next arose upon the proposed leasing of the Metropolitan tramways, an amendment being moved by Mr. Steadman limiting the daily hours of labour and fixing the rate of wages. This debate was adjourned.

The one hundred and thirty-ninth anniversary of the Orphan Working School at Haverstock Hill was celebrated on Tuesday with a dinner at the Hôtel Métropole, where Mr. Horace Marshall presided, and speeches were made by the Archdeacon of London, Colonel Wellesley Robinson, and the Rev. D. A. Herschell. It was stated that nearly six thousand fatherless boys and girls have been brought up by this benevolent institution since its work began.

There is a detailed account of the loss of the *Rialto* steam-ship, belonging to the Wilson line, destroyed by fire on the voyage from Newcastle to New York. The fire was discovered on March 3, and for two days and nights, under the command of Captain Rippeth, in a violent continued gale of wind, the crew worked desperately hard till they were relieved by the Allan steamer *Carthaginian*, and were taken on board that vessel. One life was lost—that of Mr. Howe, the third engineer.

A report of the Army Recruiting Inspector-General for the past year shows that the effective strength of the Regular Army was 212,231 men, the Army Reserve, 78,000; but there was a decline of recruiting, both for the Army and for the Militia, owing probably to the improvement of trade.

At the Royal College of Surgeons on Monday, a portrait of Lord Lister, the eminent member and teacher of that profession lately raised to the peerage, was presented by the subscribers, through Mr. J. Davies Colley, and was accepted by Sir W. MacCormac, President of the College. Lord Lister spoke in acknowledgment of this honour done to him.

The Central Young Men's Christian Association, at Exeter Hall, on Monday evening, had the Duke of Fife to assist in its distribution of prizes to educational classes and athletic clubs. The president, Sir George Williams, occupied the chair.

A strike of dock labourers at Dover has recently impeded the goods traffic from Calais of the Channel cargo-boats which belong to the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company. If this inconvenience be prolonged the company may transfer its goods traffic to the port of Queenborough.

An additional cruiser for the German Imperial Navy, a vessel of large size and great power, constructed by the Weser Company at Bremen, was launched on Monday. The Hereditary Grand Duke of Oldenburg represented the Emperor on this occasion.

Renewed personal scandals and charges of bribery in connection with the Panama Ship Canal Company have occupied the French Chamber of Deputies for several days past. One deputy, M. Antide Boyer, has been arrested on a charge of bribery. A commercial treaty with King Menelik of Abyssinia has been concluded.

The French Government in Madagascar, administered by General Gallieni since the banishment of the dethroned Hova Queen to Réunion, has proceeded with more stringent measures. Protestant missionaries complain of being deprived of their chapels and school-houses built on sites formerly allowed by the Hova Crown at a low yearly rent.

The foundering, on March 8, off Cape Hatteras, on the American coast, of the French steamer *Ville de St. Nazaire*, has been mentioned. Sixteen survivors, picked up in a boat on the Atlantic, have been brought to Liverpool. They, with thirteen others who died of exposure, want of food, and thirst, were four days afloat, drifting before the waves. The remainder of the crew and passengers, who numbered eighty-one on board the ship, were lost at sea.

The Spanish army in the Philippine Islands has, with the aid of a naval bombardment, captured the citadel and town of Ymus, driving out the insurgents, who set fire to the town when they retired. General Primo Rivera has left Spain to take the command.

Captain Koellner (German). Rear-Admiral Hinké (Austrian). Vice-Admiral Canevaro (Italian). Rear-Admiral Pottiers (French). Rear-Admiral Andrief (Russian). Rear-Admiral Harris (British).



THE EASTERN CRISIS: THE ADMIRALS OF THE COMBINED FLEET OF THE POWERS ON BOARD THE ITALIAN FLAG-SHIP "SICILIA."

From a Photograph supplied by the Courtesy of the Italian Commander in Cretan Waters, Vice-Admiral Canevaro.



THE QUEEN AT CIMIEZ: THE ROYAL PARTY AT LUNCHEON.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier, by her Majesty's gracious Permission.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

A Narrative of the Sufferings of Mr. Obed Lanyon, of Vellingey-St. Agnes, Cornwall; Margit Lanyon, his wife; and Seventeen Persons (mostly Americans), Shipwrecked among the Quinaiult Tribes of the North-West Coast of America, in the Winter of 1807-8. *With some Remarkable Experiences of the said Margit Lanyon, formerly Pendersen. Written by the Survivor, Edom Lanyon, sometime a Commander in the Service of the Honourable East India Company.*

MY twin brother Obed and I were born on March 21, 1759 (he being the elder by a few minutes), at Vellingey-St. Agnes or St. Ann's, a farm on the north coast of Cornwall, owned and cultivated by our father, Renatus Lanyon. Our mother was a Falmouth woman, daughter of a ship's captain of that port: and I suppose it was that inclined us to a seafaring life. At any rate, soon after our fifteenth birthday, we sailed (rather against our father's wish) on a short coasting voyage with our grandfather, whose name was William Dustow.

A second voyage in the early summer of 1776 took us as far as the Thames. It happened that the famous Captain Cook was just then recruiting for his third and (as it proved) his last voyage of discovery. This set us talking and planning, and the end was that we stole ashore and offered ourselves. Obed had the luck to be picked. Though very like in face, I was already the taller by two inches; and no doubt the Captain judged I had outgrown my strength. But it surprised me to be rejected when Obed was taken; and disappointed me more, for, letting alone the prospect of the voyage, we two (as twins and our parents' only children) were fond of each other out of the common degree, and had never thought to be separated.

To speak first of Obed: Captain Cook put some questions, and, finding that we were under our grandfather's care, would do nothing without his consent. We returned to the ship and confessed to the old man, who pretended to be much annoyed. But next day he put on his best clothes and went in search of the great seaman to Deptford, and so the matter was arranged. Obed sailed, in July, on board the *Discovery*; shared the dangers of that voyage, in which the ships followed up the N.W. Coast of America and pushed into Bering's Strait beyond the 70th parallel; was a witness, on Feb. 4, 1779, of his commander's tragical end; and returned to England in October 1780. Eleven years later he made another voyage to the same N.W. American coast, this time as master's mate under Vancouver, who had kept an interest in him since they sailed together under Cook, and thought highly of him as a practical navigator and draughtsman. It was my brother who, under Vancouver, drew up the first chart of the Straits of Fuca, which Cook had missed: and I have been told (by a Mr G——, a clerk to the Admiralty) that on his return he stood well for a Lieutenant's commission—the rules of the Service being stretched now and then to favour these circumnavigating seamen, many of whom worked their way aft from the hawse-hole to the quarter-deck. But my father and mother dying just then, and the former having slipped a particular request into his will, Obed threw up the sea and settled down in Vellingey as a quiet yeoman farmer.

Meanwhile, in 1779, I had entered the sea service of the Honourable East India Company, and with passable good fortune had risen in it pretty fast. Enough to say that by the spring of 1796 I was looking forward to the command of a ship. Just then my fortune deserted me. In a sudden fear of a French invasion, our Government bought the four new ships which the Company had building (and a bad bargain they proved). This put a stop for the time to all chance of promotion: and a sharp attack of jaundice falling on top of my disappointment, I took the usual decrease of pay and the Board's promise to remember my services on a proper occasion, and hauled ashore to Vellingey for a holiday and a thorough refit of health.

I believe that the eight or nine following months which Obed and I spent together were the happiest in our two lives. He was glad enough to shoulder off the small business of the farm, and turn—as I have seen so many men play, in a manner, at the professions they have given over—to his favourite amusement of sounding the coast off Vellingey and correcting the printed charts. He kept a small lugger mainly for this purpose, and plied her so briskly at the low water springs that he promised to know the sea-bottom between Kelsey Head and Godrevy Rock better than his own fields. As for me, after years of salt water and stumping decks, I asked nothing better than to steer a plough and smell broken soil, and drowse after supper in an armchair, with good tobacco and Obed for company.

In this way we passed the winter of 1796-97, until the lambing season, which fell midway in February. The year opened wet, with fresh south-westerly winds, which in the second week chopped suddenly, and for four continuous days freezing gales streamed full on shore from the north-west. It was then that the lambs began to drop; and for three nights I exchanged pipe and fireside for a lantern and the lower corner of Friar's Parc at the back of the towans,* where the ewes were gathered in the lew.† They kept us so busy that for forty-eight hours we neither changed our clothes (at least *I* did not) nor sat down to a meal. The sand about Vellingey is always driving more or less, and the gale so mixed it up with fine snow that we made our journey to and from the house, so to speak, blindfold, and took our chance of the drifts. But the evening of the 11th promised better. The wind dropped, and in an hour fell to a flat calm; then, after another hour, began to draw easily off shore, the draught itself being less noticeable than the way in which it smoothed down the heavy sea running. Though the cold did not lift, the weather grew tolerable once more, and each time I crossed the townplace‡ with a lamb in my arms I heard the surf running lower and lower in the porth beneath Vellingey.

By daybreak (the 12th) it was fallen to nothing almost; the sky still holding snow, but sky and sea the same colour—a heavy bluish-grey, like steel. I was coming over the towans just then with a lamb under either arm (making twelve that night) when I happened to look seaward, and there saw a boat tossing about a gunshot from the shore.

She was a long boat painted white, very low in the sheer and curved at stem and stern like a Norwegian; her stern rounded off without a transom, and scarcely bluffer than her bows. She carried a mast, stepped right forward, but no sail. She was full of people. I counted five sitting, all white with snow—one by the mast, three amidships, and one in the stern-sheets, steering. At least, he had a hand on the tiller; but the people had given over pulling, and the boat without steerage way was drifting broadside on towards the shore with the set of the tide.

While I stood conning her, up at the house the back door opened and my brother stepped out and across the yard to milk the cows. His milk-pails struck against the door-post and sounded as clear as bells. I shouted to him and pointed towards the boat; and after looking a moment, he set down his pails and started off at a run down towards the porth. I then hurried towards the house, when I found Selina, the old housekeeper, in the kitchen, tending the lambs with warm milk. Handing the newcomers over to her, I caught up a line and made off hot-foot after Obed.

At low water (and the tide had now scarcely an hour to ebb) the sands at Vellingey Porth measure a good half-mile from the foot-bridge at its head to the sea at its base. My legs were longer than Obed's; but I daresay he had arrived five minutes ahead of me. He was standing and calling to the boat's crew to get out an oar and pull her head to sea; for although the smoothing wind had taken most of the danger out of the breakers, they were quite able to capsize and roll over any boat that beached herself in that lubberly fashion.

I ran up panting and repeated his shout, "Pull her round head to sea, and back her in!"

Not a man moved or lifted a hand. The next moment a wave lifted and ran a dozen yards with her, but mercifully passed before it broke. A smaller one curved on the back draught and splashed in over her gunwale as she took ground. But what knocked the wind out of our sails was this—as the first wave canted her up, two men had rolled out of her like logs; and the others, sitting like logs, had never so much as stirred to help!

"Good Lord!" I called out, and fumbled with my line. "What's the meaning of it?"

"The meaning is," said Obed, "they're dead men, every mother's son. They're frozen," said he; "I've seen frozen seamen before now."

"I'll have in the boat, anyway," I said. "Here, catch hold and pay out!"

Running in, I reached her just as she lifted again; and managed to slew her nose inshore, but not in time to prevent half a hogshead of water pouring over her quarter. This wave knocked her broadside on again, and the water shipped made her heavier to handle. But by whipping my end of the line round the thwart in which her mast was shipped, for Obed to haul upon, and myself heaving at her bows, we fetched her partly round as she lifted again, and ran her into the second line of breakers, which were pretty well harmless.

"How many on board?" Obed sang out.

"Five!" called I, having counted them. Up to this I had had enough to do with the boat, besides looking after myself; for twice the heave had tilted me up to the armpits and once lifted me clean off my feet, and I had no wish to try swimming in my sea-boots. "Five!" said I; "and two overboard—that makes seven. Come and look here!"

"Tend to the boat first," he said. "I've seen frozen seamen."

* Sandhills covered with grass. † Shelter from the wind. ‡ Farmyard.

"You never saw the likes of this," I answered. So he ran in beside me.

The boat had her name (or that of the ship she belonged to) painted in yellow and black on the gunwale-strake by the port quarter—"MARGIT PENDERSEN, BERGEN"; but, by their faces, we could not miss knowing to what country the poor creatures belonged. They were—

1. A tall man, under middle age, seated at the mast and leaning against it (his right arm frozen to it, in fact, from the elbow up) with his back towards the bows. The snow was heaped on his head and shoulders like a double cape. This one had no hair on his face, and his complexion being very fresh and pink and his eyes wide open, it was hard to believe him dead; indeed, while getting in the boat, I had to speak to him twice to make sure.

2. A much older man and shorter, with a rough grey beard. He sat in the stern-sheets, with his right hand frozen to the tiller. Our folk had afterwards to unship the tiller when they came to lift him out, and carried him up to the house still holding it. It was afterwards buried beside him. This man wore a good blue coat and black breeches, and at first we took him to be the captain. He turned out to be the mate, Knud Lote, who had put on his best clothes when it came to leaving the ship. His eyes were screwed up, and the brine had frozen over them like a glaze, or a big pair of spectacles.

3. Against his knee rested the head of a third man—one of those I had first seen sitting amidships. When the other two toppled overboard this one had slid off the thwart and fallen against the steersman. He was an oldish man, yellow and thin and marked with the smallpox, the only one in the boat who might have come from some other country than Norway. His eyes were cast down in a quiet way, and he seemed to be smiling. He wore a seaman's loose frock, ragged breeches, and sea-boots.

4 and 5. Stretched along the bottom boards lay a tall young man with straw-coloured hair and beard; and in his arms, tightly clasped and wrapped in a shawl and seaman's jacket, a young woman. Her arms were about the young man, and her face pressed close and hidden against his side. He must have taken off his jacket to warm her, for the upper part of his body had no covering but a flannel shirt and singlet.

While we stood there the tide drained back, leaving the bows of the boat high and dry. As I remember, Obed was the first to speak, and he said, "She has beautiful hair." This was the bare truth; a great lock of it lay along the bottom-board like a stream of guineas poured out of a sack. He climbed into the boat and lifted the shawl from her face.

Those neighbours of ours, friends and acquaintances, who afterwards saw Margit Pendersen at Vellingey, and for whom this account is mainly written, will not need a description of her. Many disliked her, but nobody denied that she was a lovely woman, and I am certain that nobody could see her face and afterwards forget it. It was, then and always, very pale; but this had nothing to do with ill health. In fact, I am not sure it would have been noticeable but for the warm colour of her hair and her red lips and (especially) her eyebrows and lashes, of a deep brown that seemed almost black. Her lips were blue with the cold just now, but the contrast between her eyebrows and her pale face and yellow hair struck me at once and kept me wondering, until Obed startled me by dropping the shawl and falling on his knees beside her. "Good God, Dom!" he sang out, "the girl 's alive!"

The next moment, of course, I was as wild as he. "Get her out then!" I cried, "and up to the house at once!"

"I can't loosen the man's arms." Though less than a yard apart, we both shouted at the top of our voices.

"Nonsense!" I answered; but it was true all the same—as I found out when I stepped in to Obed's help. "We must carry up the pair as they are," I said. "There 's no time to lose."

We lifted them out, and making a "chair" of our hands and wrists, carried them up to Vellingey; leaving the others in the boat, now for an hour well above the reach of the tide. And here I must tell of something that happened on the way—the first sign of Obed's madness, as I may call it. All of a sudden he stopped and panted—from the weight of our load, I supposed. "Dom," he said, "I believe that nine men out of ten would kiss her!"

I told him not to be an infernal fool, and we walked on. In the townplace we happened on the shepherd, Reuben Santo, and sent him off for help, and to look after the frozen people in the boat. The sight of us at the door nearly scared Selina into her grave; but we allowed her no time for hysterics. We laid the pair on a blanket before the open fire, and very soon Obed was trying to force some warm milk and brandy between the girl's lips. I think she swallowed a little; but the first time she opened her eyes was when one of the lambs (which everyone had neglected for twenty minutes or so) tottered across the kitchen on his foolish little legs and began to nuzzle at her face. Obed at that moment was trying to disengage the dead man's arms—rather savagely, as it seemed to me. A thought struck Selina at once. "Put the lamb close against her heart," she said. "That 'll warm her more than any fire."

So we did, making the lamb lie down close beside her, and it had a wonderful effect. In less than half an hour her pulse grew moderately firm and she had even contrived to speak a word or two, but in Norwegian, which none of us understood. Obed by this time had loosened the dead man's arms; and we thought it best to get her upstairs to bed before the full sense of her misfortune should afflict her. Obed carried her up to the spare room and there left her to Selina, while I saddled horse and rode in to Truro for Dr. Mitchell.

Much of what followed is matter of public knowledge. Our folks carried the dead Norwegians up to churchtown, including one of the two that had fallen overboard (the next tide washed him in; the other never came to land) and there buried them, two days later, in separate graves but all close together. The boat being worthless, we sawed it in two just abaft the mast and set the fore part over the centre grave, which was that of Captain Pendersen, the young man we had carried up with Margit. The mast rotted and fell some years ago, although carefully stayed, but the boat, with the names painted on it, remains to this day. Also we set up a small wooden cross by each man's grave, with his name upon it. Margit was able, from our description, to plan out the right name for each.

On the third day an interpreter came over from Penzance. Margit could not yet leave her bed, and before he stepped up to question her I took him aside and showed a small Norwegian Bible we had found in the pocket of the seaman's jacket to which she owed her life. On the first page was some foreign writing which I could not make out. The interpreter translated it: first the names "Margit Hansen to Nils Pendersen" and after them this strange verse from the Song of Solomon—strange, I mean, to find in such a place—"Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine."

The interpreter, Mr. Scammel, went upstairs, and she told him her story. "Our vessel," she said (I give it in brief), "was the *Margit Pendersen*, brig. She belonged to me, and was called after me. We were bound for the Tagus with a cargo of salted fish, which I had bought at Bergen from the Lofoden smacks—fish for the Roman Catholics to eat in Lent. Nils Pendersen, the captain, was my husband: Knud Lote was mate." Mr. Scammel having expressed some surprise that so young a man should have been captain, she explained: "He was twenty-two. I made him captain. My father and mother died: they had not wished me to marry him. They were proud. But they left very little money, considering; and with it I bought the brig and cargo. She was an old craft, half rotten. We had fair weather, mostly, down the English Channel and almost to Ushant. There we met a strong southerly gale, and in the middle of it a pintle of our rudder gave way, and the loose rudder damaged our



Obed was standing and calling to the boat's crew.

stern-post. We tried to bear up for Falmouth, but she would not steer; and we drove up towards the Irish coast, just missing Scilly. On the 8th the wind changed to north-west, and increased. That night, as Nils tried to lay to, she carried away her foremast, which had been shaky for days. She was now leaking fast. At noon on the 9th we managed to launch a boat, and abandoned her. She sank at four o'clock: we saw her go down. The weather grew colder that night. I think it snowed all the time, and the seas were too heavy to let the boat run. The men pulled to keep her nose to them and the wind, and so she drifted. I forget when they gave over pulling. For a night and a day I baled steadily. After that I lay most of the time in the bottom of the boat. Our food was almost done. It was very cold. That is all I can remember."

And this, I think, was all we ever heard from her. On his return to Penzance, Mr. Scammel sent me a Norwegian dictionary; and with the help of it, Obed and I soon managed to talk a little with her, in a mixture of Norwegian and English. But she never wanted to speak of the past, and fell silent whenever we spoke of it. What astonished me more was that, though she told us the names of the dead men, she showed no further interest in them. At first, knowing how weak she was and fearing to distress her, I fought shy of the subject; but one day, towards the end of the third week, she being strong enough to walk a moderate distance, I plucked up courage and asked her if she cared to come with me to the churchyard. She agreed, and that afternoon, after a heavy shower, we walked there together. I feared what effect the first sight of her husband's grave might work on her feelings: and all the way kept wishing that we had omitted to set up the boat and mast. But she looked at them calmly, and at the graves. "That is good," she said; "you have done a great kindness to them. I will not come any more." And so she prepared to walk away.

I own that this seemed to me unfeeling. Outside the churchyard I pulled from my pocket the small Bible. "This belongs to you," I said; "I have kept it to help me with your language"—but I held it open at the fly-leaf. She glanced at it. "Oh, yes, I gave it to Nils, my husband. You wish to keep it?" "You were very fond of him, to judge from this," I said, and halted, expecting her to be angry. But she halted, too, and said quite coolly, looking at me straight, "Yes? Oh, yes: very much."

That same evening I spoke to Obed as we sat alone with our pipes. "I suppose," said I as carelessly as I could, "Margit Pendersen will be leaving us before long." He looked up sharply, and began to shift the logs on the hearth. "What makes you say so?" he asked. "Well, she will have friends in Bergen, and business——" "Has she written to her friends?" he interrupted. "Not to my knowledge: but she won't be staying here for ever, I suppose." "When she chooses to go, she can. Are you proposing to turn her out? If so, I'd have you mind that Vellingey is my house and I am master here."

This was an unworthy thing to say, and he said it with a fury that surprised me. Obed and I had not quarrelled since we were boys. I put a stopper on my tongue, and went on smoking: and after awhile he began to talk again in his natural way on ordinary matters.

Margit stayed on, and to all appearance our life at Vellingey fell back into its old groove. As a matter of fact, there was all the difference in the world—a difference



"I have never said that I liked you better."

felt before it was seen, and not to be summed up by saying that a woman sat at our table. I believe I may quite fairly lay the blame on Obed. For the first time in our lives he kept a part of his mind hidden from me: he made show enough of frankness in his talk, but I knew him far too well to miss the suspicion behind it. And his suspicion bred suspicion in me. Yet, though I searched, I could find nothing amiss in his outward bearing. If he were indeed in love with the girl—her age, she told me, was twenty-one—he gave no sign upon which one could lay hold. And certainly Margit's bearing towards us was cool and friendly and impartial as the strictest could desire. Of the two, I had perhaps more of her society, simply because Obed spent most of his time in the lugger, while I worked in the fields and within easy reach of an afternoon's stroll. Margit would be busy with housework most of the morning, or in the kitchen, helping Selina—"domineering," Selina preferred to call it.

For, whatever our feelings, Selina had set her face against the newcomer from the first. She started, no doubt, with the old woman's whiddle that no good ever comes of a person saved from the sea. But as time went on she picked up plenty of other reasons for dislike. Margit took charge from the day she came downstairs; and had a cold way of seeing that her orders were attended to. With about twenty words of English she at once engaged Selina, who had bullied us two men from childhood, and routed her. The old woman kept up a running battle for a week before appealing to Obed, and this delay cost her everything. Obed flew in a rage that more than equalled her own, and had the advantage to be unusual and quite unexpected by her. She ran from him to the kitchen in tears; and thenceforth was a beaten woman, however much she might grumble at the "foreigner" and "interloper."

For me, I will confess and have done with it, that before a month was out, my interest in this pale foreign woman, who moved about the house so quietly and surely, had grown to a degree that troubled me. That Obed had suspected me before he had any cause made it no easier now to play a concealed game at cross-purposes and no pleasanter. In the two months that followed I hated myself pretty often, and at times came near to despise myself for the thought that before long I might be hating Obed. This would never do, and, luckily, I saw it in time. Towards the end of June I made applications to the Board, and left Vellingey in July, to sail for Bombay on board the *Warren Hastings* in my old capacity of first mate. My abandoning the field to Obed would deserve some credit, had Margit ever by word or look given me the slightest reason for hope. But she had not; indeed I hoped that she had never guessed the state of my feelings.

Eighteen months passed before I returned to Vellingey, this time on a short leave. Obed had written constantly and with all the old familiarity a good deal concerning Margit—her health, her walks, her household business, and so forth—everything, in short, but what I expected and dreaded to hear. "Come," I said to myself, "five minutes start in life and eighteen months in courtship is no such bad allowance for Obed. Perhaps he will allow me now to have *my* turn."

I had this thought in my head as I drew near Vellingey in a light gig hired from the Truro postmaster. It was a rainy afternoon in January, and a boisterous north wind blew the Atlantic weather in our teeth as we mounted the rise over Vellingey church-town. My head being bent down, I did not observe the figure of a woman coming up the village street, but looked up on hearing the sound of her clogs close beside the gig. It was Selina, tearful, carrying a bundle.

"Whatever is the matter?" I asked, on pulling up.

"They've turned me to door," she moaned. "My dear, they've turned me to door."

She was tramping home to her cousins in St. Day parish. "Not another night would she stay at Vellingey to be trampled on." Of course she accused the "foreign woman"; but I, it seemed, had started the quarrel this time; or, rather, it started over the preparations for my home-coming—some trifling matter of cookery. Selina knew my tastes. Margit professed to know them better. Such are women!

I own as I sent the poor soul on her way, with a promise that the gig should carry back her boxes from Vellingey, and a secret resolve that she should return to us within a week, I could not avoid a foolish pleasure in the thought that Margit deemed my coming of such importance. Then it occurred to me that her position now as a single woman alone at Vellingey lay open to scandal. The sooner I tested my growing hopes the better.

I did so, the second evening after supper. Obed had stepped out to make the round of the farm buildings, and lock up. Margit had removed the white cloth, and was setting the brass candlesticks, tobacco-jar, and the rest on the uncovered table.

"What is going to happen about Selina?" I asked, from my chair.

Margit set down a candlestick. "Selina has gone," she said quietly.

"But people will talk if you stay here alone with us or with Obed. You mustn't mind my saying this."

"Oh, no. I suppose they will talk."

I stood up. "I take it," said I, "you cannot be quite blind to my feelings, Margit. I came home on purpose to speak to you; but perhaps, if it had not been for this, I might have put off speaking for some days. If you care for me at all, though, I think you can answer. My dear, if you will marry me it will make me a happy man."

She was fingering the candle-base, just touching the brass with her finger-tips and withdrawing them gently. She looked up.

"I rather thought," she said, "you would have spoken that last night. Obed asked me this morning—he gave you that chance—and I have promised to marry him."

"Good Lord! But this is a question of loving a man!"

"I have never said that I like you better. I shall make Obed a very good wife."

Less than a minute later Obed came into the room after slamming the back door loudly. He did not look at our faces, but I am sure that he knew exactly what had happened.

They were married in April, a fortnight after my leaving England on another voyage. We parted the best of friends; and in the course of the next seven years I spent most of my holidays with them. No married life could well be smoother than was Obed's and Margit's in all this time. He worshipped her to fondness; and she, without the least parade of affection, seemed to make his comfort and well-being the business of her life. It hardly needs to be said that my unfortunate proposal was ignored by all of us as a thing that had never happened.

(To be Concluded in our Next Number.)

ART NOTES.

Among English artists at least Mr. John M. Swan holds the first place as an animal-painter. Some might be disposed to put forward the claims of Mr. Nettleship as a worthy competitor, but it will be generally admitted that in the thoroughness of his work as a student of animal life, Mr. Swan has given more satisfactory proof. The collection of studies, chiefly in black and white, now on view at the Fine Art Society bears out this contention; for, interesting as were Mr. Nettleship's spirited paintings exhibited at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery, they gave no insight into his method of work. Mr. Swan, on the other hand, practically shows by what laborious and minute study he masters the art of reproducing on canvas or in plaster those features of savage animal life by which he gained admission among Associates of the Royal Academy. His special qualities are to be seen in the insight he has obtained into the feline habits of lions, tigers, leopards, and pumas, which is supplemented in a curious way by his sympathetic appreciation of the habits of the Polar bear. The admirably arranged Zoological Garden at Amsterdam has apparently been Mr. Swan's favourite hunting-ground.

Mr. W. H. Weatherhead is by no means the least skilful in that branch of art which Mr. Frank Bramley and other members of the Newlyn School have rendered popular. His picture at the Institute of Painters, "A Fisherman's Home," here reproduced, tells its own story of anxious hearts and hard-earned bread, with "the sea on the harbour bar moaning." The artist on this occasion, however, has not gone farther than the suggestion of peril, and has spared us the deeper tragedy which too often throws its gloom over the fisherman's home. It is for this reticence, alike in subject as in treatment, that the picture deserves special commendation.

After much agitation outside Parliament, the Committee of Inquiry into the administration of the South Kensington Museum has been appointed, and Lord Balcarres, M.P., has been elected chairman. Judging from the empty state of the room on each day which the Committee sits (Tuesday and Friday), public interest in its proceedings seems at a very low ebb. The attacks made upon South Kensington and all its officials, past and present, led readers to suppose that the Museum was either a hotbed of corruption or a waste-pipe through which untold thousands of pounds were annually discharged into the pockets of dealers in curiosities, of which the officials were unable to recognise the spuriousness or the restoration. The present secretary, Sir John Donelly, has been under examination for some days, and it must be admitted that his evidence presented many points of interest; but the most important charge of "double-dealing," in the actual meaning of the term, did not carry conviction, although it revealed a state of affairs which the original promoters of the Committee of Inquiry would probably have wished to keep in the background. When the evidence is published the need of reforms at South Kensington may be better gauged; meanwhile, it seems abundantly proved that the rule absolutely prohibiting officials from collecting privately has not been enforced.

Although the loan collection of works by James Maris brought together at the Goupil Gallery contains several of his earlier works, it does not adequately explain how the transition from his earlier to his later style was effected. He began his artist's life as a pupil of Hébert, who for so many years was rector of the French Academy at Rome. We trace his influence in the figures of young girls in bright-coloured Italian costume—as, for example, in "The Young Mistress"—feeding chickens, "The Doves," etc., which date from more than thirty years ago. A striking little canvas, "The Outer Oratory," where a woman is seen kneeling at a wayside chapel, is more intense in feeling and almost Dutch in its minuteness. The fame, however, of James Maris's work was of later birth, and was won on the dunes and among the plains and dykes of Holland. In such pictures as "Five Windmills" we have Maris at his best, but also at his gloomiest. In the "Two Windmills" there is a brighter suggestion amid the murky clouds, but in these and all there is a serious effort to render nature truthfully and not poetically. The culminating effort of his powers is to be seen in the almost panoramic view of Amsterdam, where he has managed to introduce brightness and light into the pervading grey atmosphere. In another charming picture, "The Seaweed Harvest," he gives his interpretation of summer on the Dutch coast, and sees in it more sternness than warmth.

It is not surprising to learn that already the disposal and management of the Wallace collection is giving rise to discussion (even a stronger term might be used) in the art world. The authorities at Trafalgar Square and South Kensington are urging their respective views, while by others the claims of Park Lane and Piccadilly are advanced; and, on the other hand, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is invited to provide for the maintenance of the collection in its present place. To do so would, of course, require the assent and co-operation of Lord Portman, who has now a splendid opportunity of making some return to London for all that London has done for him. The adaptation of Hertford House would in itself cost a considerable sum of money, but it would be pushing our traditional niggardliness towards art to a ridiculous point if any haggling were made about the home to be provided for such a magnificent bequest. It would, moreover, be a lasting reproach to this country if, as is even rumoured, the Government is disposed to wait and see whether some private benefactor, as in the case of the National Portrait Gallery, would step in and relieve the nation of its duty towards Sir Richard Wallace. At the same time, the difficulties in the way of adapting an isolated private house to the purposes of a public gallery are very many and great, and the responsibility of maintaining efficient custody and supervision is a serious matter.



A FISHERMAN'S HOME.—BY W. H. WEATHERHEAD, R.I.

Exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

THE EASTERN CRISIS: A JOURNEY TO CANEA AND THE HEADQUARTERS OF COLONEL VASSOS.

Narrative and Photographs by Bert Underwood.

Our party of four consisted of Mr. Bernard Maimon, an English gentleman; Count d'Oyley, a Frenchman by birth, but an American citizen; Mr. A. B. de Guerville, correspondent of the *Figaro*, also an American; and your obedient servant. Mr. Maimon being a personal friend of Colonel Vassos, I was privileged, before leaving Athens, to be introduced by him into the Vassos home. It is a pleasant one, but, of course, rather shadowed at present, with the father away on a mission which makes him subject to a soldier's hardships and risks. We met at the home Colonel Vassos' son-in-law, Lieutenant Kalinski. He had just returned from Crete in charge of about one hundred Turkish prisoners, whom, as you may remember, he landed from the Greek man-of-war upon the Turkish frontier. The vessel, on reaching Athens, had been ordered north instead of back to Crete. This left Lieutenant Kalinski to get back to his command as best he could. Not an easy thing, for a Greek officer would certainly be arrested if he landed openly at either Canea or Candia, the only ports at which steamers are stopping now. At the last moment he decided to go with us *incog.*, passing as a courier, and trusting to chance for an opportunity to reach the Greek lines. Before leaving the home I photographed in one group Madame Vassos, her two daughters, Lieutenant Kalinski, and the two little Kalinski children, and developed my plate; and fortunately the faces all came out good, so we took with us this family portrait as a peace offering to the commander of the Greek forces in Crete. Mr. Maimon was also charged with home letters, to be delivered *providing* we reached his quarters.

We left the Hôtel Angleterre, Athens, about 1.30 p.m. on Thursday, March 4. A rapid drive of one hour brought us to the harbour of Athens, and we boarded our little Austrian Lloyd steamer, which was loaded with cattle for the Turks at Candia. The plan was to stop first at Candia, and then go on to Canea later, but this programme was fated to be changed. The wind was blowing a hurricane by the time we were well out to sea, and it grew steadily worse. I wish to be spared the memory of that night, so will pass over it briefly. Suffice it to say that no one of us had "ever been ill *before* on a boat." But this was "the worst we ever saw." This, I think, was literally true. Part of the bulwarks of the greatly tried boat were broken away, and we were driven far from our course, so the captain sought shelter in the Bay of Suda, some sixty miles west of his intended haven.

Suda Bay was occupied by more than a score of warships, among which all the six Powers were represented. The storm-tossed sea, the great battle-ships, and the little boats which, manned by sturdy crews, were constantly plying in the gale from one ship to another made a lively scene. From Suda Bay the island of Crete looks barren enough, not worth the expenditure of much powder. The treeless hills roll up uninterestingly, not high enough to be grand. We could see just a few small houses on the shore to the south-west.

As this bay is divided from the Bay of Canea by only a narrow neck of land, we were by land only about six miles from Canea. We decided that the Turks and a walk, if necessary, to Canea could not be so bad as another experience of that still stormy sea, and that we could go to Candia on our return; so, by the kindness of the French Admiral, who furnished us with a boat and crew, we were put on shore, all except Lieutenant Kalinski, who decided that it would not be prudent to subject himself to the scrutiny of the Turkish forces through which we should have to pass. We were in luck, for near the pier we met two carriages which had just brought some naval officers across from Canea. They were pretty crude affairs, but answered our purpose admirably. As soon as we passed the first shore hills the aspect of the country changed, and we were in a valley where olive and orange groves and villages relieved the eye. But these signs of fertility and former prosperity only made the desolation that we passed the more noticeable. The road from Suda Bay to Canea is lined by a succession of villages, and, without exception, *every* house was burned. They were of stone, and most had their walls caved in; some were still smoking. Two of the larger villages, which we could see smoking in the hills, had been pillaged but two days before. In the six miles we did not see a soul excepting Turkish soldiers. These we met in groups of from three to a dozen all along the road. They looked after us curiously, and their dark faces, dirty uniforms, full cartridge-belts, and rifles made them disagreeable objects on which to turn one's back. War, horrible always with such soldiers, means massacre, extermination, ruin almost beyond repair, to the territory they invade. With their small opportunities, these villagers must labour years to replace their houses and the simple comforts that were in them. Three days after we went over the road it became the scene of fighting, and all communications across the isthmus were blocked.

The Child is the Sole Survivor of a Turkish Village.



Chief of the Army. The Governor.

A GROUP IN FRONT OF THE TURKISH GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AT CANDIA.

As we neared Canea the most prominent object was the large mound upon one corner of the fortifications which encompass the town. Upon this mound the banner of Turkey floats, surrounded by those of her six allies. The seven soldiers who stand guarding their respective banners can look down into a mass of fallen walls and débris, once the Christian section of Canea. The sight that most impressed me while in Crete was the interior of the Greek church at Canea. When out alone, foraging for photographic subjects, I met a Greek priest who allowed me to enter this church, where over two thousand Christians sought shelter during the fire and pillage. It is a wonder the church itself was not burned, for on three sides all is ruin. All along the floors of nave, aisles, basement, and gallery are little separate heaps of household goods. Each lot represents what one family was able to carry in its flight from the home to the church. The Greek school just in front shared the common ruin. There are not many Christian Cretans in Canea now. But I am in advance of my story.

We passed on through this still smoking, ruined quarter of the Christians to the little plaza in the centre of the town. There is no hotel in this town of about 25,000 people, but, with the assistance of the newspaper correspondents, we succeeded in renting the furnished house of the telegraph-operator, who at the commencement of the massacre had sent his family away. His important official position had saved this unusually comfortable home from being plundered. The owner asked if we were well armed; we showed him that the party was fairly well off in that respect, and he assured us that we should be safe enough in the house. He had not stayed there himself, but now the doors and windows were unbarred and uncovered, and we were at home. The house had evidently not been opened since it was first vacated, and the rooms showed that they had been left in haste. Many little common necessities of daily use—combs and brushes, ladies' toilet articles and clothing, such as a family would need wherever they went—were left scattered on the tables and floor. Some packages, evidently put up to be taken, were left, half-strapped, forgotten in the excitement; but the beds were stripped, the blankets probably having been considered necessary to shelter the fugitives from the cold. A neat little cradle spoke of the home life which had been so ruthlessly interrupted, mother and baby being sent into exile while the father stayed at his post.

We laid in a supply of bottled goods and fruit, engaged an intelligent Turkish boy for servant, and ordered our dinner to be sent in from the café. Our meal consisted of rice curry, stewed lamb, a salad with hard-boiled eggs, and a dessert of candied apricots. The dinner was well flavoured with garlic and cooked in oil, there being no butter in Canea. The meal was fully appreciated, as our appetites had returned upon leaving the boat. The six candles, artistically set around the table in drinking tumblers, gave an air of luxury. After our feast we went to bed. All beds in this part of the world are hard, but, rolled in our blankets, we slept too soundly to dream of the Turks. Our first intention had been to take a sail-boat from Canea,



COLONEL VASSOS AND HIS SON, LIEUTENANT VASSOS.



MADAME VASSOS AND CHILDREN, WITH HER SON-IN-LAW, LIEUT. KALINSKI.

and land at some point held by the Cretans; but we were told that it was impossible to get past the war-ships of the Powers in such a craft, so it was decided that instead of trying to fool the marines, we would try the Turkish lines. We depended upon the notorious carelessness of the Turks for our success, and, as it proved, we decided well.

Mr. Maimon ordered horses early the next morning, March 6, "for a ride." The owner wanted to know where



THE COURTYARD AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF COLONEL VASSOS.

and for how long, but was told that we did not know where nor just how long. At the last moment a donkey was added for our boy, Hamed, to carry my camera outfit. But those "horses"! Such bony, ungainly little rats were hardly to be recognised by the name. We had neither guide nor chart, and only a general idea that the Cretan and Greek lines were about three hours by horseback south-west of Canea, in the valley of the Platanos river, that there was a sort of road that led that way, and that the Turkish troops held the country for the first few miles. From the outset we met soldiers; some asked us where we were going, but Mr. Maimon, who speaks Turkish fluently, certainly did not tell them. We had possibly gone two miles when the road forked, but both seemed to tend south-west. Mr. Maimon chose at random the westerly road, but it soon ran us up under a large camp and fortification. We could see the Turkish officers watching our movements. It did not look inviting, so



GERMAN SAILORS IN SUDA BAY.

Mr. Maimon asked a Turk we met some question, I do not know what, but we turned back at once to the fork in the road. Our boy, who had been going quietly along on his donkey, now turned to Mr. Maimon and said, "You are going to the Cretans." Mr. Maimon acknowledged it, but told him that he must not tell anyone that we passed. The boy turned up the other road with us, but said as he did so, "To-night I shall be dead!" Mr. Maimon answered, "My head shall save yours!" The boy made no further remonstrance during the trip. It was rather a brave thing for this young fez-capped Turk to ride towards the enemy's lines, considering the excited state of the country and the many atrocities which had been committed.

We were now passing up a pretty valley filled with olive-groves. On either side was a row of high hills, on the summits of which were Turkish fortifications. We were hailed several times from these, but we refused to stop. The first time I thought that we should surely be sent back, but we signed to our questioners to come down, and they must have decided from this that we knew we were all right, for they waved us to go on. At another fort an officer did start to come down: possibly the long distance and the steep climb he would have to make back deterred him, for he also waved us on, and went back. I cannot conceive of any European army at such a time allowing a company to pass through their lines practically unhindered and unquestioned. It was impossible to pass unnoticed. We could see them come out and watch us from every fort; besides, there were soldiers along the road. Our very boldness may have got us through. To come out in broad day accompanied by one Turkish servant on a donkey gave us such an appearance of perfect confidence that they *may* have mistaken us for some officials from the Powers out for appointed purposes. Then, after the first forts were passed, the others took it for granted that we would have been stopped if we had not had authority. As it was, we might all have been Greek officers and yet have come through safely. The Turk is a good fighter, fanatically brave, but anything which requires the diligence and *constant* attention of outpost work is too much for his naturally indolent disposition. I found when in Egypt and Syria that the most common and typical word in the Turkish language means "no matter," or "never mind." This trait is probably the real reason why we were not stopped. That very night (March 6) the fort of Karatini, from which the officers had started down towards us, but carelessly returned, was partially blown up by the Cretans. Four soldiers were killed and a number wounded. Undoubtedly, due vigilance would have prevented this catastrophe.

After about five miles our valley of olive-groves opened out into a broad, flat, and nearly barren plain, which may be five miles across. Upon the hill behind us was the last Turkish fortress. We could see the soldiers watching us from it, and there was a certain satisfaction in every rod we added to the distance between them and us. This plain, a sort of neutral zone at present, is bounded on the farther side by the foot hills of the Madaras Mountains, whose snow-covered summits rise up finely to the south. The ground here has never been cultivated, and is probably used principally for sheep-pasturing. We passed only two houses on the plain; one a rather large affair, and, like most of the country houses on the island, the heavy stone walls were perforated with narrow loopholes from which its occupants could shoot without being exposed. Upon going to the other side we saw that the rear walls were fallen in and that the interior had been gutted by fire. Of course there was not a soul in the place, or on the whole plain for that matter, as far as the eye could see. There was a certain fascination about this lonely ruin in the midst of the treeless waste.

As we neared the farther edge of the plain the report of a gun rang out from a neighbouring hill, and, as if by magic, six or eight men appeared in our path some two hundred yards in front. They motioned us to stop, and as their signals were made with their guns, we involuntarily obeyed. When they came up closer they were rather wild-looking fellows with their picturesque dress and their swarthy, unshaved faces. As they spoke only the peasant Greek, we could not make them understand much, but the mention of Colonel Vassos' name evidently *meant* much, and lit up and improved their features amazingly. Surrounded by these Cretan gentlemen, we moved forward for possibly half a mile, when we were called to a halt again by a Greek soldier on a knoll some hundred yards in front, and in spite of explanations from our Cretan body-guard, he insisted upon our staying right there. He evidently had received instructions to allow no interlopers to pass that spot, and intended to obey orders. We could now see that upon every hill facing the plain there were sentinels. Evidently no carelessness here, and that a strict military system was adhered to. In the meantime a soldier had been sent back, and in a few minutes we saw a Greek lieutenant with a squad of soldiers coming around the hill. This young officer spoke French, and was soon convinced of our peaceful intentions. We were then courteously escorted forward, our new Cretan friends still staying with us. We passed several outposts of Greek soldiers. One noticeable feature was the flocks of sheep which covered the hills inside the Greek lines. The Cretan and Greek troops will have mutton for many months to come. We must have gone nearly two miles farther before we reached the Platanos river, at present only a small stream running in a broad bed, but by May 1 it will be a deep and wide torrent. We were requested to stop before crossing the stream, and the officer took our cards. It was nearly an hour before he returned with the announcement that Colonel Vassos could receive us. In the meantime we were nearly famished, but the Cretans brought some delicious oranges, for which they refused to take pay; these helped to stay us over. Our Turkish boy and horses were left in charge of a soldier on the bank of the river, and I was requested to leave my camera also.

We crossed the little foot-bridge and were conducted through narrow lanes, cultivated fields, and olive and orange groves, for here in the hills the land is fertile. We passed groups of Cretan and Greek soldiers, and even met a woman now and then and one or two children. On the summit of a little hill surrounded by an olive-grove stands an old mansion, Colonel Vassos' present quarters. It was evidently built by a man more wealthy than is usually found in the interior of Crete. It is a plain, massive fortress home with a high two-storey front with a porch, and a square court to the rear. This court, which was crowded with soldiers, is enclosed on the other three sides by a one-storey stone building, the flat roof of which is surrounded on the outside by a perforated stone



CRETAN INSURGENTS, WITH THEIR PASTOR, A GREEK PRIEST.

wall. The main entrance into the house is through the side into this court. The Colonel's quarters are on the second storey, where he overlooks both the court and the approach from the side and the front.

Colonel Vassos' welcome was cordial to his friend Mr. Maimon and courteous to the rest. He is a man whose strong but kindly character shows itself in his face. I should judge him to be between fifty and fifty-five years of age. The King made no mistake when he placed this man in such a uniquely delicate position, and gave him such a free hand. He has a broad and high forehead, with heavy brows, with deep-set but sympathetic eyes. The features are refined, the face is rather long—on the whole it is a remarkably intelligent and pleasing face, set off with iron-grey hair and beard. The room, with its whitewashed walls and staring windows, was bare of all but the most real necessities. There were three small tables, on which were writing-paper, maps, and cigarettes, a few wooden chairs, and two cots.

The Colonel spoke in French, and talked with quiet seriousness of the situation. Colonel Vassos feels that his position is impregnable to any but an overwhelming force. His allies, the Cretans, under his immediate command, number 10,000. He considers them as good as 50,000 stranger troops for service on the island, and praised their faithfulness as well as their intelligence. They know every mountain pass and path. As the warmer weather comes on, their flocks can go farther and farther into the hills for pasture, where the climate will be more wholesome than in the plains below. He has food to last fully five months, has plenty of arms and ammunition, and his troops are practised marksmen. He feels keenly the action of the Powers towards the Cretans, and cannot comprehend their motive. He has two thousand Greek soldiers with him. He believes he can hold his ground in spite of all comers. He had just the day before received orders from the King to stay in Crete, whatever happened. He will do so until he receives other orders. He would, of course, obey the King. All this was said modestly and pleasantly, but the quietness of the man impressed one greatly.

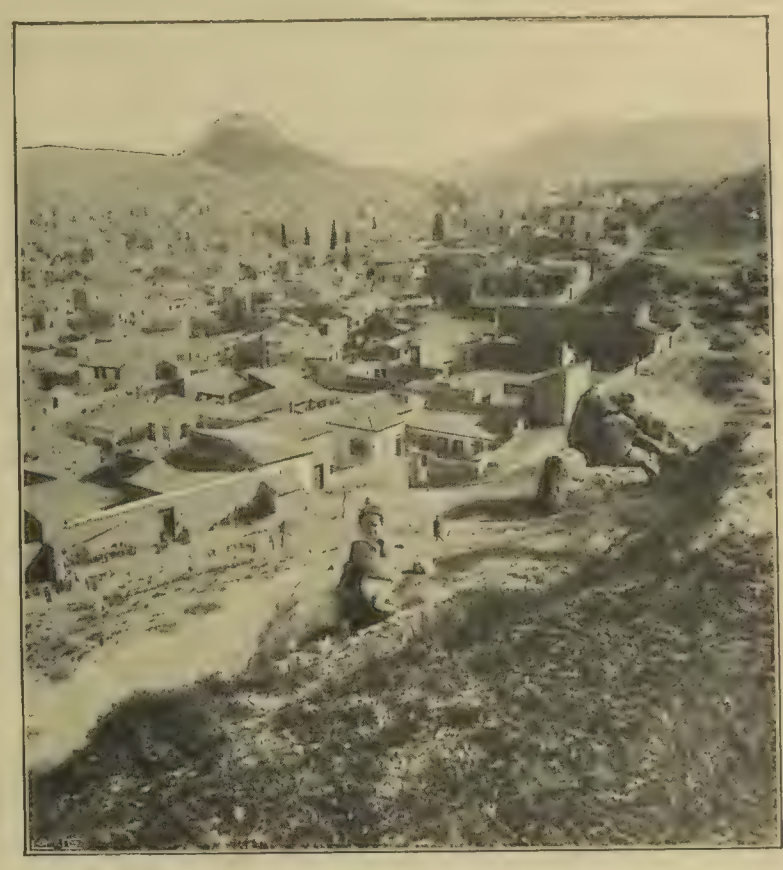
Colonel Vassos advised us to start back at once, as it would be dangerous to return so late as to be outside Canea at dusk. So having partaken of a soldier's luncheon, we expressed our good wishes and bade good-bye to our host and his officers, among whom is his son. Colonel Vassos said that only two other correspondents had seen him since he landed on the island. We saw while there the remarkably handsome Cretan officer Kokanaki, who just four days later was shot by Italian soldiers while he was planting the Greek flag on a Turkish fortress. A squad of Greek soldiers escorted us to the border of their lines.

Our return journey was uneventful save for some casual firing in the hills around us. We probably ran no danger from the Turks save that of being misunderstood. The foreign Consuls have been fired upon when outside the town, also both the other correspondents who visited Colonel Vassos, but probably by mistake, for these Turks appreciate their allies the Powers too highly to run a risk of displeasing them by harming any of *their* subjects. Nevertheless, it was some relief to be back within the shelter of Canea. That evening we heard firing in the town and distance, and the next morning learned that one of the forts we had passed twice the day before was partially blown up, and that a fight was then going on in that lonely plain. We were glad to hear from the Greek Consul—who a few days later was taken prisoner by the Powers—that Lieutenant Kalinski had been able to reach a Greek war-ship, and would be landed upon some part of the coast which the Cretans held. In the three days we were in Canea there were one or two murders, but no general disorder.



RUINS IN THE CHRISTIAN QUARTER OF CANEA: IN THE BACKGROUND THE GREEK CHURCH WHICH SHELTERED CROWDS OF REFUGEES.

Sunday evening, March 7, we obtained passage in a dirty little Turkish boat to Candia, where we arrived early the next morning. Candia is the largest town on the island, with a normal population of 30,000, now swelled to perhaps 50,000 by soldiers and Mohammedan refugees from the interior. Its six or eight thousand Christian population has, of course, left. Candia has three respectable mosques, and one large Greek church. It has two pretty Turkish fountains in plazas near the centre of the town, and a little park on the knoll to one side. The Turkish Governor at Candia is also the President of the Council of Appeal. At his house we met the Chief of the Gendarmes, also other leading officers of the island. These gentlemen treated us with Oriental courtesy. They were anxious that we should be favourably impressed, and the Governor took great pains to make known the wrongs that the Turks of Crete have been subjected to. He showed us a little boy who, he said, was the only human being alive out of a village of 350 souls; and he explained that this was only one of fourteen towns whose inhabitants have suffered a similar fate.



ATHENS, FROM THE AREOPAGUS.

One of the officials told us that Candia only had provisions for ten or fifteen days; that after even six days people would be "dying by hundreds"; that 25,000 Mohammedans had come in from their farms and were without food or money to buy it, while the Christians had all the resources of the island; that they were cooped up with the sea on one side and the Christians, with their guns, on the other. The Powers protected them with their ships, but did not give them bread. There is undoubtedly much truth in all this, and starvation seems staring many of these poor people in the face. One of our party telegraphed this condition of things to the Sultan. These Turks were the ruling and wealthy class throughout the island, and possibly are now reaping but what they have sown. I photographed the little "sole survivor," the Governor, and the Chief of the Gendarmes in a proper light, and the result is therefore more satisfactory than in the case of Colonel Vassos, whom I had to take as I found him. They wished me to photograph fifty of the Beys (Lords) of the island who had been compelled to seek shelter in Candia, and were getting them together, when the news that the outposts of Finikia and Viassios were attacked created a panic, and most of the men hurried away to the distant ramparts which surround the town. I went on top of one of the highest buildings and could see them swarming up the earthworks along their whole extent to the coast on either side. This was interesting, but as our boat was about to leave—in fact, the others of the party had already gone on board—I hurried through the now nearly deserted streets down to the harbour.



GREEK PEASANT RECRUITS.



A DEMONSTRATION IN THE STREETS OF ATHENS.

We returned by the same dirty Turkish steamer that brought us from Canea. The captain was half-Cretan and half-Greek, and an arch-traitor to the flag he sailed under. Our voyage to Athens took twenty-four hours; a respectable boat would do it in half that time. The weather was rough to the last, and it was not a happy time.

We beg to acknowledge our indebtedness to the well-known publishers of stereoscopic views, Messrs. Underwood and Underwood, of London and New York, for their kind courtesy in placing at our disposal the foregoing narrative and photographs by a leading member of their firm.



THE EASTERN CRISIS: REFUGEES FROM KANDANOS ESCORTED TO THE SHIPS BY BLUEJACKETS OF THE COMBINED FLEET.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

After relieving the beleaguered town of Kandanos on March 9 Sir A. Biliotti, the British Consul, and his force of 570 men from the Combined Fleet of the Powers, escorted the Mohammedan population of the town, consisting of 543 male civilians, 1047 women and children, and 340 soldiers of the garrison, to Selino. Some of the insurgents followed the relief party and refugees, and when the coast was reached a tumultuous crowd of armed Christians made a sudden rush and obliged the rescue force to form a strong line across the neck of land from which the refugees were being embarked.

THE DISASTER ON BOARD THE RUSSIAN IRONCLAD "SISSOI VELIKI" OFF CRETE.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior



SCENE AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

On the afternoon of March 15 the Russian ironclad "Sissoi Veliki," one of the vessels of the Combined Fleet of the Powers, went out from Suda Bay for gun-practice. Just as the last shot was about to be fired, one of the vessel's guns suddenly exploded, owing, it is thought, to the insufficient screwing home of the breech. Fourteen men and one officer were killed on the spot, either blown to pieces by the explosion or crushed beneath the falling turret. The wounded included another officer and fifteen men, six of whom subsequently succumbed to their injuries.



FUNERAL SERVICE OVER THE VICTIMS ABAFT THE DAMAGED TURRET.

The funeral service of the Greek Church was held over the victims of the explosion as they lay on the stern of the "Sissoi Veliki," the sad ceremony being attended by the Admirals and officers of the Combined Fleet, together with detachments from all the war-ships. The Roman Catholic service was read over the body of Brousse, the vessel's cook, a Frenchman.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.



THE OXFORD CREW.

From Photographs by Hills and Saunders.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

From Photographs by Stearn.

THE DISASTER ON BOARD THE RUSSIAN IRONCLAD "SISSOI VELIKI" OFF CRETE.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



BURIAL OF THE VICTIMS AT SUDA: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION ON ITS WAY TO THE CEMETERY.

When the office for the dead had been concluded on board ship, the coffins were taken ashore to the arsenal quay of Suda, whence the funeral procession passed to the cemetery, each coffin borne by men of each nationality represented in the Combined Fleet. With the final burial-prayers the dead were committed to their graves in Suda Cemetery.



THE DEAD LYING IN STATE ON BOARD THE IRONCLAD.

Before burial the Russian victims of the disaster were laid in state at the stern of the vessel, wrapped in Russian flags. The French cook, covered with his country's flag, was laid separately amidships, with a view to the different service of the Roman Catholic Church which was to be read over him.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

A friend to whom I showed my article of last week on gamblers in the proof, pointed out to me that I had practically begged the question raised by the Anti-Gambling League, inasmuch as the efforts of Mr. Hawke and his fellow-crusaders, in spite of the title they have chosen to adopt for their association, are not so much directed against cardplayers and dicers as against bookmakers and backers. The former, according to my friend, get a great deal more sustained excitement for their money than the latter, and this, still according to him, may account for the fact that there are thousands of votaries of écarté, baccarat, roulette, trente-et-quarante, who never back a horse or lay the odds against it, while there is scarcely an habitual wagerer on racing events who is not ready and willing to shuffle the "pasteboards" when the opportunity offers itself.

My friend is probably right. I know at least a dozen inveterate cardplayers of both sexes who never think of putting a sovereign on a horse. My acquaintance with the betting fraternity, whether professionals or amateurs, is not quite so extensive, but those whom I do know are always ready to take a hand at poker or chemin-de-fer. We may take it, then, that Mr. Hawke aimed what he intended to be his first formidable blow at those who in his opinion are dual offenders; considering, maybe, that if he could not cure them of both vices at once he might, at any rate, endeavour forcibly to remove one temptation from their paths. I have already observed that, to me Mr. Hawke and his supporters, worthy members of society as no doubt they are, stand self-confessed as utterly ignorant of the world; the new complexion thrown upon the affair by my friend leads me to think that they are even more ignorant than I suspected them to be. To improve the man who has a tendency to wagering off the face of England seems to me a still more hopeless task than to suppress the gamester—in this instance I intend the word to apply exclusively to those who indulge in cardplaying, dicing, (though that has gone out of fashion) and roulette.

Let us suppose for an instant that Mr. Hawke and his adherents succeeded in making the manufacturing and importing of cards, dice, roulette-boards, dominoes, chessmen, and draught-tables an indictable offence, punishable with severe penalties—nay, with imprisonment. The number of gamblers would unquestionably diminish; if the measure were rigorously carried, the number might dwindle down comparatively to a handful. Let us further suppose that the Anti-Gambling League, pursuing their crusade to the bitter end, succeeded in closing every racecourse through the length and breadth of the land; that they extended their success to regattas, boat-races, cricket and football matches, prize-fights, with or without gloves, on the pretext that all these things led to betting or gambling, as they would say. Does Mr. Hawke think that he would put an end to betting?

Assuredly he cannot be so foolish—I have no other word to use. The man impelled to wagering would wager all the same; he would create opportunities for wagering. In some clever book, the title of which has slipped my memory, I read that the murder of Abel by Cain arose from a betting transaction. Two birds were perched on the branch of a tree. Cain proposed a bet as to which of the birds would fly away first; Abel accepted and won, and in a fit of anger the winner slew the loser. Long before horse-racing was dreamt of there were drinking contests, accompanied by wagers: to speak by the card, these were drinking contests provoked by the rage for betting. Charlemagne tried to put a stop to them by draconic edicts: it was simply so much parchment wasted. Frank Floris, the great Antwerp painter, claimed to hold his own against all comers in the way of "sinking" liquor. The pilgrim with the boiled peas in his shoes, to whom we journalists are so fond of alluding, is not a creature of our predecessor's invention; he was simply a mediæval monk with a mania for taking "the odds" on any and every possible event, and having exhausted all his ingenuity of invention, proposed to a fellow monk that they should proceed to the shrine of St. James of Campostello for a wager, but with their sandals lined with "marrow-fats." The other, accepted in all good faith, suffered great agonies, and had to give up in two days. The proposer trudged gaily along and reached his destination: he had taken the precaution to boil the "marrow-fats." The story told by St. Jerome of two other monks who started in pursuit of the distant spot where heaven and earth joined is probably a betting story more or less disguised.

Then came the contests of gluttony, personal or vicarious, in which heavy bets were laid on the competitors. The most disgusting of these exhibitions, in which the performer himself was to a certain extent tricked, was that arranged for Jerry Eke, a Norfork man, whose powers of stowing away both solids and liquids were the wonder of those who saw him at harvest suppers, to which he was specially invited to show his prowess and to allow others to wager on his feats. At a farmers' dinner, a wager was laid for five pounds that he would eat a calf at a sitting. Nor was it a baby calf that had to be consumed, for the flesh when taken off the bones and minced very fine was apportioned into seventeen enormous pasties, the outer crusts of which were only thin films of batter, beautifully baked into a golden-brown, but containing no ingredients that could clog the palate. Jerry began, and made no difficulty about the first nine pasties, but when the tenth was brought in, he sighed and stopped. His backers were horrified: only for a moment. "I say, Mas'r," said Jerry, "I got no objection to them poys; I loike 'em amazin'; but I'm thinkin' et's abaywt time as I should begin upon that ther calf." Mr. Hawke will agree with me that backing horses for their endurance and for their speed is both more humane and less coarse.

MONUMENT TO THE EMPEROR WILLIAM I.

The unveiling of the great national monument in memory of the German Emperor William I., of which some account was lately given in these columns, formed one of the most impressive ceremonies of the recent Centenary Festival. From earliest dawn on March 22 the streets of Berlin in the neighbourhood of the great monument, which has been erected on the site of the old Schloss of Liberty, immediately opposite to the principal entrance of the Imperial Schloss, were thronged by eager crowds, and the ultimate ceremony of unveiling was performed in the presence of a vast multitude in which loyalty kept patience and even enthusiasm, in spite of the fact that very few of the assembled thousands could see beyond the lines of soldiery which kept the great square between the Schloss and the monument. Early in the morning the Emperor and Empress visited the stately mausoleum of the Emperor William I. at Charlottenburg, to offer their prayers before his tomb, and thence they passed to the palace chamber in which he died. At eleven o'clock the Kaiser, wearing the full uniform of the Garde du Corps, rode up to the Schloss, in front of which an elaborately decorated pavilion had been erected for the imperial party and the more illustrious of the assembled guests. Within this pavilion there were already seated, when the Kaiser arrived, the Empress, the Empress Frederick, the Kings of Würtemberg and Saxony, the Prince Regent of Bavaria, the Duke of Connaught, numerous representatives of foreign Courts, and all the chief officials of the empire, together with the flower of German chivalry. A salvo of guns greeted his Majesty's arrival on the brilliant scene, and the air resounded with the clang of bells from all the neighbouring churches. Then, at a signal from the Kaiser, a prayer was offered by one of the clergy of the Court, who were stationed in the space before the pavilion. The sacred office over, the troops presented arms, and the vast canvas which had hitherto veiled the colossal statue was lowered to the ground to another salvo of artillery, followed by the deafening huzzas of the great assemblage and the peal of all the city bells. The Empress and the Empress Frederick then approached the monument and laid two magnificent wreaths at its base. They were followed by the Sovereigns and Princes, who placed wreath after wreath at the foot of the great pedestal, and finally the Emperor himself, still on horseback, crossed the square and took his place before the monument to review the troops as they marched past. A State banquet followed at which the Kaiser made a speech of thanks to the Princes assembled to do homage to their former Emperor, and to the foreign representatives. For his grandfather's memory he claimed a still living influence in the cause of peace, progress, and brotherhood in arms. A gala performance at the Opera brought the day's festivities to a close, but the brilliantly illuminated city was traversed by great crowds of sightseers until far into the night.



UNVEILING THE STATUE OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM I. AT BERLIN.

FOREIGN INVADERS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

This American weed that overruns my garden, even in winter, is a curious example of a modern tendency. The mutual relations of plants and animals, as a rule, remain singularly steady for ages together within the same great areas. From year to year, other things equal, about as many of each kind exist in each place as have always existed there. Now and again, to be sure, owing to exceptional circumstances of weather or food supply, some particular species blossoms out for a season in more than wonted vigour—is fruitful, and multiplies, and replenishes the earth with unexampled rapidity. So, a few summers since, a perfect plague of field-voles—little rat-like creatures—broke out in Scotland; and so, in certain years, a particular caterpillar strips the oaks bare of leaves for miles together over wide tracts of our southern counties. But that is owing to some merely accidental climatic cause: in the case of the caterpillars, it seems mainly to depend upon a dry summer in the preceding year, which has allowed the mother-flies to lay their eggs on the trees in rare abundance. In all such cases the balance of nature soon restores itself; either bad years supervene (I speak as a caterpillar), or else the natural enemies of the race, finding their food increase, increase themselves in proportion, and thus quickly bring down the too exuberant kind to its normal numbers. Indeed, it is a mistake for enemies to be *too* efficient; many naturalists hold that the sabre-toothed lion of prehistoric times must have killed itself off in the end by its own excessive strength and power: it ate up all the big game, and then found itself supreme, with nothing left to live upon.

Apart, however, from such merely barometric fluctuations in the ratio of species, we do now and then get a real invasion of a new area by animals or plants which come in from outside, and which, finding themselves better adapted to the particular conditions than most local types, soon spread like wildfire over their adoptive country. Even before man, that great disturber of natural balances, began to transport new species in his train to distant countries, this source of upheaval is believed to have existed; stray eggs or seeds got wafted by winds or waves to unknown shores; birds were blown out to sea, and stranded at last on distant continents; driftwood and flood, tidal wave and hurricane, all helped to stock various alien lands with unwilling immigrants. Many geological facts seem still to point to such sudden irruptions of new kinds from without, breaking the continuity of zoologic and botanical history in each ancient area. But since man began to revolutionise the world by bringing maize to Europe and taking wheat to America, by introducing here the sheep, and there the potato, and yonder again the silkworm, we have seen no end to the consequent upsets of local faunas and floras. The most famous case, of course, is the familiar one of Australia, a severed land with an antiquated and half-developed stock of plants and animals, where the highly evolved and specialised types from more progressive continents, once introduced, have simply walked over and killed down the native weeds and kangaroo-like creatures. The rabbit has usurped the place of the wombat, while the horse has run wild till he is a dangerous nuisance. So, too, in almost equally old-fashioned Ceylon, the pretty little blue ageratum of our flower-gardens, said to have been brought over as an ornamental plant by a Governor's wife, has taken possession of the coffee-grounds as a prolific weed, which has to be exterminated at an annual outlay of several thousands.

Occasionally, again, it is new conditions or new means of dispersal that give openings for the spread of intrusive colonies. When America was first peopled by the Pilgrim Fathers, the shores of the Atlantic for many hundred miles inland lay shrouded in forest. Puritan settlers cut down the trees; with them the local flora, and, to a great extent, even the local fauna were almost exterminated. For the forest plants loved shade and coolness; they could not stand the fierce glare of the midday sun in the cornfields and meadows with which the colonists replaced the primæval woodland. Hence, till the other day, all eastern America was occupied by intrusive European weeds—thistles and groundsels and ox-eyed daisies—whose seeds had been introduced, all unawares, with those of the grasses, the pulses, and the clovers. Yet far west, meanwhile, on the open prairies, there lived and flourished a still stouter and coarser meadow type of native flora, developed in and for those boundless grass-lands. For two long centuries the mountain belt of the Alleghanies and its outliers cut them off from the eastern slope, where European weeds were in possession of the field—I put it literally. At the end of that time, however, the railway system came in. It made a highway for the plants of the prairies. The western weeds saw their chance of going forth like Alexander. They regarded the railway embankments and cuttings as specially designed for their kind to spread along. Most of them had winged seeds, like thistle and dandelion. The prevailing westerly winds drove these fluffy fruitlets straight along the banks towards Massachusetts and Connecticut; and now those prairie plants are fast taking possession of New York and New England, where they oust the intrusive European weeds like true-born Americans. "The alien must go," is the western watchword. A small group of them have even begun to attack Great Britain, while not a few have settled down in Spain and Italy. So, also, for ages the Colorado beetle, an unobtrusive member of a well-known family—the golden beetles—lived peacefully and ingloriously on the nameless leaves of a far western solanum allied to the potato. But as this solanum was neither common nor cultivated he aroused no attention, and attracted to himself no prohibitory enactments. In time, however, with the march of intellect, that other juicier and more succulent solanum, the potato, reached Colorado. The beetle rose to the situation. One solanum was as good as another, and a great deal better. Man had planted for him in the vast Mississippi valley thousands of acres of a delicious food-plant. He fell upon it at once, and made himself famous. He is now the subject of several dozen repressive laws, and has given a wholesome impetus to the trade in "Paris green," a preparation of arsenic injurious to his constitution.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

EMILE FRAU (Lyons).—The gentleman to whom your card was addressed has no connection with this paper. The solutions are acknowledged below.

BEGINNER (Chelsea).—You had much better buy a standard book. Perpetual check is not checkmate, whatever your authority may say.

J S BOYD, JUN. (New York).—We greatly regret your letter arrived too late to make the requested addition.

SIGNOR ASPA (Leamington).—If Black play 2. P to B 6th, there is rather an ugly dual for such a restricted position.

CHEVALIER DESANGES.—We are glad to hear of your recovery, and the problem is received with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2757 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2758 from Nikhilnath Maitra (Chinsurah); of Nos. 2759 and 2760 from Evans (Port Hope, Ont.); of No. 2761 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2762 from C E H (Clifton), Emile Frau (Lyons), H S Brandreth (Cairo), and Matfield; of No. 2763 from J Bailey (Newark), Otto Bauer (Berlin), Matfield, C E H (Clifton), W S Beeston, Eric (York), C M A B, F W C (Edgbaston), P B Womersley, H W Winterburn, and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2764 received from T G (Ware), J Hall, A C Kempster, William D J Edwards, Eric (York), P B Womersley, W S Beeston, C E H (Clifton), Emile Frau (Lyons), E B Foord (Cheltenham), Sorrento, J S Wesley (Exeter), T Batty (Colchester), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), F Hooper (Putney), Hereward, T Roberts, Castle Lea, W Floyd (Hunstanton), E P Vulliamy, F W C (Edgbaston), Fr d Elliot (Crouch End), J F Moon, Yerfdog, C M A B, E Louden, H Le Jeune, Meursius (Brussels), L Desanges, C Josling (Dover), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Shadforth, G T Hughes (Portumna), W Curwen Barrett, Frank Proctor, John G Lord (Castleton), Harry F, G W Noakes, Joseph Lupton, G J Veal, W R Pearce, Eugène Henry (Lewisham), F A Carter (Maldon), Bluet, M A Eyre (Folkestone), R H Brooks, H B S (Saffron Walden), W J Haslam (Gildersome), Albert Ludwig (Alsace), T Chown, W David (Cardiff), Hobhouse, Alpha, Miss D Gregson (Manchester), Edward Plunkett, F E Adams, R.N. (H.M.S. *Prince George*), H W Winterburn, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), S Davis (Leicester), Fred J Gross, Charles Burnett, Bryn Melyn (Penmaenmawr), and W R B (Clifton).

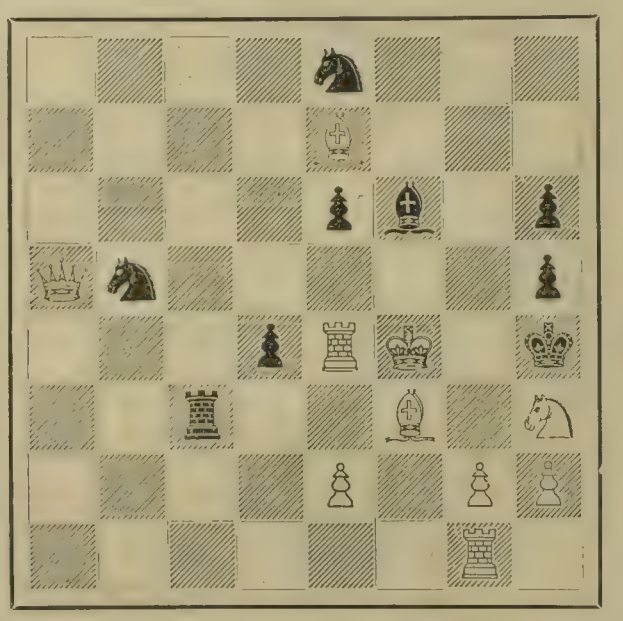
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2763.—By J. S. BOYD.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 2nd	K to Q 5th
2. Q takes K P	K or Kt moves
3. Kt or Q mates.	

If Black play 1. K to Q 3rd, 2. Kt to B 4th (ch); if 1. Kt takes Kt, 2. B takes Kt; if 1. Kt to K B 5th, 2. Q takes P (ch); if 1. Kt to Kt 4th, 2. Q to R 2nd (ch); and if 1. Kt to Kt 2nd, then 2. Q to Kt 3rd (ch), K moves; 3. Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 2766.—By R. HINDLEY (South Australia).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the match between Messrs. PILLSBURY and SHOWALTER.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd
4. Castles	Kt takes P
5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd
6. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd
7. B takes Kt	Kt P takes B
8. P takes P	Kt to Q Kt 2nd
9. Kt to B 3rd	Castles
10. R to K sq	Kt to B 4th
11. Kt to Q 4th	Kt to K 3rd
12. Kt to B 5th	P to B 3rd
13. Kt takes B (ch)	Q takes Kt
14. P to B 4th	

It would appear that this is an unsatisfactory feature of the attack, as there arises later the necessity of defending this Pawn at the expense of position.

14.	P takes P
15. Q takes P	P to Q 3rd
16. Q to K 4th	P to Q 4th
17. Q to Q 3rd	Q to Q 3rd
18. P to Q Kt 3rd	

The method of attack contemplated by B to Kt 2nd is excellent, if only the centre and King's side is well guarded. In this case the weakness of White in these respects is obvious enough. But how to develop the Queen's Bishop is a problem.

18.	P to Q R 4th
19. P to K Kt 3rd	B to R 3rd
20. Q to Q 2nd	Q R to K sq
21. B to Kt 2nd	Q to B 4th (ch)
22. K to R sq	B to Kt 2nd
23. R to K 5th	Q to Q 3rd
24. Q R to K sq	P to Q 5th
25. Kt to K 4th	P to B 4th
26. K to Kt sq	B takes Kt
27. Q R takes B	Kt to Kt 4th

A pretty move. Of course P takes Kt will not do, as the reply is R takes R.

28. R takes Kt	R takes R
29. Q takes R P	Q R takes P

A nice finishing touch is thus given to a well-managed attack. If now P takes R, Q takes P, and wins.

30. Q takes P	R to B 8th (ch)
31. K to Kt 2nd	K R to B 7 (ch)
32. K to R 3rd	Q to K 3rd (ch)
33. R to Kt 4th	R to K R 8th

White resigns.

Another game in the match between the same players.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd
4. Castles	Kt takes P
5. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q 3rd
6. B to R 4th	

It is usual to take the Knight at this point, but the whole variation is somewhat novel.

6.	P takes P
7. P to Q B 3rd	P takes P

It is questionable whether taking the Pawn is best, but in any case White's method of conducting the attack is worthy of attention, and leads to a strong attacking position.

8. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd
9. Kt to Q 5th	Castles
10. R to K sq	B to B 3rd
11. B to B 4th	Kt to K sq
12. R takes Kt	Q takes R
13. Kt takes P	Q to K 5th
14. B to Q 6th	R to Q Kt sq
15. B to B 2nd	Q to K Kt 5th
16. B takes R	K takes B
17. Q to Q 6th (ch)	B to K 2nd
18. R to K sq	P to K Kt 3rd
19. Q to Q 2nd	Q to R 4th
20. Kt to Q 5th	B to Q sq
21. Q to Q B 3rd	P to K B 3rd
22. Kt takes P	B to Q R 4th
23. Kt takes Q P (ch)	

and mates in four moves. Black's best defence is B takes Kt, and then follows Q to B 6th (ch), followed by B to Kt 3rd (ch). An uncommonly pretty game.

The match between Messrs. Pillsbury and Showalter is assuming an interesting and lively phase. Contrary to expectations, Mr. Showalter has made a splendid struggle, and is now treading so closely on Mr. Pillsbury's heels that it is quite impossible to make any safe forecast as to the final result.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Most of my readers have been made aware of the protective nature of the particular coloration many animals exhibit. There is a general correspondence to be noted between animals and their surroundings in respect of their colours. The case of the partridge and grouse among birds will be familiar to all, and the woodcock offers a similar illustration of protective concealment. The lines of Butler in "Hudibras," that "fools are known by looking wise, as men find woodcocks by their eyes," refer to the sportsman's means of discovery of this bird. So, also, in the case of fishes; we see a familiar example of the relation between colour and environment in the case of flat fishes, such as soles and flounders. As they repose on the sand it is only by noting the movements of the fishes that the eye is enabled to distinguish them at all.

An interesting contribution to the history of this mode of protection has been made by Professor A. E. Verrill as the result of certain studies on the altered hues exhibited by fishes and squids at night. In flounders, for instance, he found an increase or intensification of the day colours; an obvious means of adapting the safety of the fish to the darkness. In other cases, where the bodies of the fishes are marked by cross-bands of dark colour, the bands became much more intensified at night. The obvious advantage of a secure protection for the sleeping hours of the fishes is clearly perceptible. In one case—that of a fish known as the scorp or pogy (*Stenotomus chrysops*)—the day colour shows a remarkable contrast to the night tints. It is of a bright silvery hue by day, but in the dark becomes of a dull bronzed tint, while cross-bands of a dark colour become visible. This is the night dress of the fish. If it is woke up in the night it assumes its silvery, or day, aspect. Now there is witnessed here an admirable adaptation to the mode of life of this particular fish. For it rests amongst water-plants, and the night coloration is pre-eminently adapted to give it a resemblance to the sea-weeds amidst which it reposes. As regards the squids, which are members of the cuttlefish class, their colours are also darker when at rest by night than during the day.

These interesting researches might be paralleled from the plant world by cases in which the petals of certain flowers change their colour as the hours pass. In any instance, they afford another example of the marvellous adjustment of life to its surroundings. One might go farther and fare much worse in the search after a definition of life than by adopting the Spencerian idea of successful existence consisting essentially in the perfection of the adjustment in question.

A lady correspondent asks that I should make some mention in this column, "in the interests of humanity," on the subject of the registration and education of midwives. This is no doubt a professional topic, but, as my correspondent remarks, the matter is under the consideration of Parliament, and she is anxious that the public should be interested in a movement fraught with important results to women patients among the masses. There is, of course, a certain section of medical men who are vigorously opposing the Midwives Bill, on the ground that it will create an "inferior order of practitioners," and, as a matter of consequence, may diminish the fees of physicians. But in opposition to this natural piece of medical trades-unionism there is to be placed the fact that midwives will always be employed by the masses, and that no amount of legislation can ever compel people to employ physicians. If this is so, then I agree with my correspondent and with several highly influential obstetricians (much criticised by their professional brethren) that it is surely better far that all midwives should be educated and trained, than that patients should be left to the mercy of modern Gamps and Prigs. It appears to me that the medical men who are making such an amount of noise and sound in the matter of the registration of midwives are aiming at a law-ordered state of matters which Parliament is never likely to institute, nor the common-sense of the public to permit or approve. The educated nurse is much more likely to apprehend danger, surely, and to call in the services of a physician, than an ignorant midwife. As for the fears that medical men will be superseded by registered midwives, they are, I think, of groundless character. But then the medical profession has ever been absurdly jealous of any invasion of its so-called rights.

Mr. Lowell's observations on Venus were alluded to in a recent issue of this Journal. It may be remembered that Mr. Lowell regards Venus and Mercury both in the light of dead planets—that is to say, orbs which have passed through the stage of fiery or heat evolution onwards to the cooler condition characteristic of the moon itself. Mercury shows markings, he tells us, of a light and dark character, and these markings are linear in appearance and form. The poles of the planet are dark, and at the south pole a dark band clearly marks off the polar area from the body of the planet. The rotation of Mercury corresponds with its orbital revolution, and is set down at eighty-eight days, an opinion which coincides with previous calculations. This fact points to the axial machinery having run down, as in the case of Venus.

My friend Mr. Hall Caine must have been vastly edified by the torrent of needless abuse which has been poured out upon him for his sketch of the nurses in his new novel "The Christian." A purely technical slip about holding a ball in the operating theatre has been criticised as if it had been a matter of life and death, and unless the nursing profession (to whom be all honour given) is to assume that all its members are angels, it is naturally allowable to the novelist to draw a picture which may well be true of certain nurses as of the members of any other guild. It is surely perfectly permissible for the novelist to draw his characters, strong or weak, as the case may be, from any and every rank or profession. The puzzle to me is how or why any nurse should have felt aggrieved simply because Mr. Hall Caine has selected one of the weak personages in his literary drama from the nursing profession.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

In an interesting account of the startling development of Australasia, Mr. Laurie quotes a local historian's Darwinian view of the extermination of the natives. "The prosperity of the European population was regarded naturally as of overwhelming importance, and all considerations of humanity had to succumb to measures of expediency." But the natural kindliness of the blacks and the heart-sickening treachery and ferocity of their exterminators make us sometimes shudder at the Christian methods of bettering Nature's instruction for hastening the survival of the fittest. Among the many devices for replacing the natives by a nobler race, the most effective, perhaps, was that of mixing arsenic with the flour served out to confiding tribes. Mr. Laurie is so far from approving of hastening the Millennium by such means that he thinks them no less a blunder than a crime. What, however, will probably interest people most at this moment in *The Story of Australasia* (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.) is Mr. Laurie's account of the gold discoveries. His book was evidently written before the West Australian gold-fields had astonished the world by their richness, since of their produce he says nothing. But his account of the first discoveries of gold in New South Wales reads like a romance. A poor miner, named Hargreaves, quits Australia for California in the hope of finding gold. He works hard and long and in vain; but while he is one day gloomily surveying the stubborn crags that refuse to yield him an ounce of gold, the similarity of their conformation to a scene he remembered in his old Australian home strikes him. Surely one of the causes of the similarity must be gold! He hurries back and tries to borrow from friends who think him mad sufficient funds to take him to the Ophir of his day-dream. At last he finds someone to back the speculation with just enough money to take him to the expected gold-field, and here he soon hits upon the ore, and is rewarded for the discovery by a grant of £15,000. As a single nugget, worth £10,500, was found in this field, and as over £300,000,000 worth of gold in all has since been mined therefrom, the reward was not extravagant. Thirty years earlier, in 1823, a man who made the same discovery in the same spot was rewarded with one hundred and fifty lashes! For some stupid reason the local Government of the day was anxious to conceal the discovery.

Upon opening Dr. J. W. Gregory's *The Great Rift Valley* (John Murray), you are at once arrested and astonished by the frontispiece illustration of an entire cluster of insects so grouped as to resemble a flower-spike. The arrangement of the colony, with the green bud-like form at the top of the stem, the pink flower-like insects immediately beneath, and under these some small white fluffy patches counterfeiting lichen, looked so indistinguishable from a flower as to deceive not Dr. Gregory only, but Mr. Watson, an enthusiastic botanist. At first Dr. Gregory supposed that three distinct species had co-operated to mimic the flower, but the real explanation was less, but only less, astonishing. A female of the genus *Flata* lays her eggs on a stalk, gradually walking up it as she lays them. The eggs at the same height are of the same age, and as the lowest are the first hatched, the insects from them are adult, while those above are at different stages of immaturity. "This, however," observes the author, "does not account for the larvæ at the base, which is inexplicable to me, unless they belong to another generation." How such complex mimicry would have struck and staggered Darwin! What would he have said, too, of a grasshopper which secured itself by a double mimicry of a venomous snake? Simultaneously it made a noise like a hiss, and with its wings exactly mimicked the hood of a cobra. There is no one whom this superbly got-up and illustrated book will not interest and charm—entomologist, botanist, geologist, geographer, anthropologist, sportsman, traveller, and lover of adventure. The statesman, too, will find something to interest and instruct him in Dr. Gregory's view of the political situation.

The pencil and the pen of M. Robida have created for the instructive entertainment of French readers finely illustrated descriptive works of topographic and architectural history, dealing not only with "La Vieille France," but also with the old towns of Italy, Switzerland, and Spain renowned for their picturesque aspects or their romantic associations. It is, however, more especially in delineating, while relics and records of "Paris de Siècle en Siècle" remain accessible, that this accomplished artist and diligent author has recently employed his antiquarian studies. A new work, entitled *La Cœur de Paris, Splendeurs et Souvenirs*, has been added to the store of the *Librairie Illustrée* in the shape of a handsome quarto volume of four hundred well printed pages, with twenty-five plates of whole-page size, a few of these being coloured lithographs or zincographs, and with three or four hundred smaller views. The subjects of all these drawings and of the lively commentary by which they are accompanied, is "La Cité," the true Heart of Old Paris, which may be considered the very cradle of the French nation, with regard to political and social unity, in a degree certainly exceeding the historical effects of the influence even of London upon the development of English nationality, to say nothing of the United Kingdom. That little islet or mud-bank in the river Seine—for the Roman name, Lutetia, meant nothing more—where we see Nôtre Dame and Le Palais with La Sainte Chapelle and La Conciergerie and other commanding examples of mediæval architecture, has been likened to a vessel moored for ages in the stream, and fraught with the destinies of one of the greatest of European kingdoms, with the powers, monarchical, ecclesiastical, and municipal, which subsequently extended their rule over widening areas and spreading populations, attaining a metropolitan ascendency which has been surpassed in no other country. Keeping in view this great fact, M. Robida's present work has far more than a local interest, and we hope it will be appreciated in England as it is in France.

"The man of his craft had achieved it when of a beautiful subject his expression was complete," says Mr. Henry James in his *Embarrassments* (William Heinemann), and few have laboured more or with more success to perfect the fit expression of his thought than Mr. James. But surely his recurrent girding at the stupidity of an inappreciative public is itself a little stupid! "There is an ocean below the ocean," said Walt Whitman in explanation of the incredible amount of trash which went into countless editions; and it is the misfortune, not the fault, of the blind fish which live in such dense depths of the abysmal ocean that they cannot understand the joys of light and sight and swift movement of their brethren in the rarefied waters above them. At the same time, to say the whole truth, it is not the grossness of the ear that is altogether and always to blame for this Philistine deafness to the voice of the charmer, but sometimes also the subtle tenuity of the voice. Let us take in illustration the first of these four studies: "The Figure in the Carpet," in which a sublime novelist confides to one of his brilliant critics that at the basis of all his numberless novels lies "an exquisite scheme," "the loveliest thing in the world," which no critic has ever detected or even suspected. The brilliant critic devotes himself henceforward to its discovery, and lets slip another critic more subtle than himself upon the trail. This other critic wrestles with the problem for a whole year, and then goes to India to let his mind lie fallow in the hope that the discovery may spring up in it spontaneously. It does; and he telegraphs his success home and hurries across three continents to announce his Eureka to the novelist, who admits its genuineness. But the critic is killed in a carriage accident before he could make anyone except his wife the wiser for his discovery, which, upon her death and that of the novelist, is lost to the world. Probably their "high-born kindred," the angels, to use Poe's phrase, were alone capable of understanding the message they took to them. Indeed, "the angels" is Mr. James's term in another paper for those who alone are capable of understanding his "super-subtle Venetians." Surely the tenuity of the voice is here as much to blame as the grossness of the ear, since only the subtlest of all critics after a year's tough study of the numberless novels in which the divine secret has been wrapped up was able at last to master it! We ought to say, however, that with the exception of "The Way It Came," none of these stories is incredibly fantastic; while one of them, "Glasses," is exquisitely imagined and expressed.

When the history of cheap, well-printed books comes to be written, the "Temple Shakspere" of Messrs. Dent will have right honourable mention; and now their *Temple Classics*, with the same editor, Mr. Israel Gollancz, is upholding the traditions of the earlier series. The house of Dent have the instinct for fitting *format*, and their "Temple Classics" seem to be the most appropriate garb in which the treasures reprinted could appear. The leather binding is distinctly superior to the cloth set, the covers of which are a trifle too stiff; but the heart of both is identical. Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" and Bacon's "Essays" and Montaigne form the latest additions to this lovely library.

"Quantum-religio potuit suadere malorum" ought to have been the motto of *The Bond of Blood* (T. Fisher Unwin), a story of Indian superstition, told with simple but singular power. It seems that there is a religious custom in a region some hundred miles south-west of Delhi which ordains that, if a debtor declines to pay a debt which the herald has registered, this official has to commit the happy despatch, in order that his blood may be on the defaulting debtor's head! Here is an improvement upon the indirect vengeance at which the facetious Irish landlord laughed: "They won't intimidate me by shooting my agent." But even upon this ghastly Indian superstition the heroine of the tale improved. She insisted that the herald should slay her—his mother—as the less valuable life; and slain she was accordingly by the hand of a son who adored her. The sacrifice was more horrible and less called for than that which provoked the Lucretian line we have suggested for its motto, and the story of it is told with a classical simplicity which is most effective.

A LITERARY LETTER.

It is now nearly nine years ago since I stood by the open grave of Mr. Matthew Arnold in Laleham Churchyard. Of the many distinguished men who were there present a very great number have since died, including Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. A correspondent sends me a photograph of the tomb. These eight or nine years have seen a remarkable change in the attitude of the literary public towards Mr. Arnold. About the time of his death he was the poet of a mere handful of people, while as a prose-writer he was widely known by his literary criticisms, by his satirical references to the Bishops of Gloucester and Bristol and to the "three Lords Shaftesbury." He was known with but little appreciation because of his partisanship of Byron, as against Mr. Swinburne, and by his detraction of Shelley. He was known, above all, by the splendid discernment in the volume entitled "Essays in Criticism." Time has altered all this; Mr. Arnold is now known pre-eminently as a poet. His verse has been published in all kinds of forms, and it can scarcely be doubted that it is having a very widespread influence to-day. Probably there are few, on the other hand, who are reading the "Essays in Criticism" and Mr. Arnold's other prose works. Nevertheless, if Mr. Arnold had lived till to-day, it would have pleased him to have seen a reaction in favour of Byron, and no inconsiderable decline in the interest in Shelley.



MATTHEW ARNOLD'S GRAVE IN LALEHAM CHURCHYARD.

Messrs. Service and Paton are about to publish a new book on the Brontës. It is to be called "The Brontës in Fact and Fiction," and the author is the Rev. Angus MacKay. It is to contain two parts. The first, entitled "The Crop of Brontë Myths," will be entirely devoted to an analysis of Dr. Wright's book, "The Brontës in Ireland"; the second portion will be entitled "Fresh Light on Brontë Biography."

Aberdeen journalism is agitated over the possibility of erecting a statue to Byron in the city in which that poet spent so many of the early years of his life. The Clan Gordon have recently erected a statue to Chinese Gordon in Aberdeen, and it has been, not unnaturally, pointed out that another great member of the Gordon clan might with equal justice be thus recognised. Lord Byron was at times so proud of his Scottish descent, and his work was enormously influenced by the characteristics inherited through his mother. It seems only natural, therefore, that Aberdeen should emulate Athens and desire to possess a statue of the great poet, whose work and life are now again exciting so profound an interest wherever the English language is spoken. It is suggested that as the house in Broad Street where Byron lodged as a boy is being pulled down, it would be well to appropriate some of the stones from it for the purpose of erecting a monument. These stones should, indeed, it seems to me, serve as the base of a Byron monument, while granite from Lochnagar might go to the production of a magnificent statue of the poet. Even from a commercial point of view the suggestion might well be carried through, for I am certain that the citizens of Aberdeen would see their money back in the course of a few years in the run upon their town of English and American tourists.

C. K. S.

THE EASTERN CRISIS: SCENES ON THE GREEK FRONTIER.

At the extreme north-west corner of the great plain of Thessaly, which, as one crosses it by rail for about 130 miles from the port of Volo, reminds one of nothing more than of a vast cricket-ground, so green and level does it appear, there suddenly rises above the river Peneus to the height of about 1500 ft. the great rocks of Meteora, the denuded conglomerate backbone of a spur of the Pindus range. At the vine-clad foot of the precipice lies the little town of Kalibaki, now the scene of so much unwonted activity as the mustering point of the Greek battalions, which may shortly break across the Albanian frontier to Janina by the passes of Mount Pindus. Perched upon the summits of these column-like rocks are the famous monasteries of Meteora, in situations carefully selected for their difficulty of access. We give an Illustration of the Monastery of St. Stephen, which perhaps occupies the most commanding position of all, with its splendid view over the plain below. It is the best preserved and largest of those that remain, and is entered only by a narrow bridge, formerly a drawbridge. The Monasteries of Metamorphosis and St. Barlaam are reached only by a series of hanging ladders, or by means of a net at the end of a rope, which is wound up by a capstan. It is to be hoped that in the event of hostilities the nature of their position may again prove a protection, and that the few who have sought shelter amongst these well-nigh decayed institutions may be left to enjoy their peace and poverty in security.

The Vale of Tempe, so famous for its scenic beauties that its name became a synonym in classical literature for any valley of especial loveliness, is associated in the mind's eye with all that is most idyllic in pastoral poetry, and more particularly with the worship of Apollo, rather than with military 'larums and excursions such as are rousing the Thessalian frontier of Greece. This picturesque valley, now more generally known as Lykostomo, is a deep ravine cleft through rocks of massive marble between the mountain slopes of Olympus and Ossa, and forms a channel for the river Peneus on its way to the Ægean. It is about five miles in length, and varies considerably in breadth at different points, affording throughout, however, the least difficult passage through the mountains of north-eastern Thessaly. The valley runs close to the Greek frontier line fixed by the Convention of 1881, for its northern bank is formed by the outlying spurs of Mount Olympus, and Mount Olympus itself belongs by the ruling of that Convention to Turkey.



THE MONASTERY OF ST. STEPHEN AT METEORA.

Sketched on the Spot by Mr. C. M. Newton.



KALIBAKI, ON THE THESSALIAN FRONTIER, ONE OF THE MUSTERING POINTS OF THE GREEK TROOPS.

Sketched on the Spot by Mr. C. M. Newton.



THE VALE OF TEMPE, ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL PASSES FROM GREEK TO TURKISH TERRITORY.

THE EASTERN CRISIS.



INSURGENTS ATTACKING THE VILLAGE OF SUDA, NEAR CANEA, CRETE, REPULSED BY TURKISH TROOPS AND ARMED BASHI-BAZOUKS.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



CAMP AND RENDEZVOUS OF THE COMBINED BRITISH AND FRENCH FORCE LANDED TO SAFEGUARD THE ROAD BETWEEN SUDA AND CANEA.

From a Photograph by Lieutenant F. Shirley Litchfield, H.M.S. "Revenge."

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

What a feast of fashion may now be enjoyed at the London theatres, and how easy to cull from the stage the modes of the moment! At the St. James's Theatre, where there are thirty-two characters, the majority women, the frocks show every possible variety of stuff and style. Miss Neilson's reception dress of black moiré is entirely covered with a design of silver sequins—how popular sequins are!—and this shows small sleeves—how becoming small sleeves can be!—while the bodice is decked elaborately with sequins again. Another dress of Miss Neilson's has a zouave of jewelled lace with lace draperies hanging to the train, which is made of Pompadour patterned moiré. Miss Fay Davis has a most delightful frock of orange mousseline de soie with sequin embroidery on the skirt and the bodice belted with turquoise velvet drawn through diamond buckles. But perhaps the most successful dress of Miss Davis is the rose colour and yellow chiffon edged with black lace, the striped brocade showing a design of yellow and white roses. Miss Granville, who always dresses well and wears her clothes with special elegance, has a chiné silk with wreaths of flowers forming panels with black stripes, a velvet bolero with white revers, and a white chiffon front. Miss Mabel Hackney wears an exquisite gown of accordion-pleated white net over satin, the net being traced with lace flowers outlined with silver sequins. This is cut low in the neck, with a collar round the shoulders of pink chiffon striped with silver sequins, and fastens at one side with a bunch of roses, two scarves of pink chiffon falling from the waist to the hem. Miss Hackney's other gown is of green cloth with one of the new bodices overhanging the belt back and front, covered with a conventional design in narrow white satin. This turns back with revers, showing innumerable little frills of cream-coloured lace, which reveal a soft white front of tulle fastened with a bow at the throat.

Then to the Criterion Theatre, where "The Physician" holds the stage. Miss Marion Terry's dress of cream lace is a model gown made over white silk. The lace is of deep yellow, the pattern of this being traced with little frills of white lace, and here and there showing black velvet ribbon bows suggestive of the styles prevailing in the reign of Louis XVI. The waist of this dress is encircled with a band fastening with a group of bows shading from orange to pale yellow. Miss Mary Moore looks charming in a pale-blue cashmere; azure-blue in tone this is, and most soft of



A COSTUME IN THE NEW COVERT COATING.

texture, with a bodice showing a square at the neck filled in with white muslin covered with yellow lace. This bodice hangs in tucks from the shoulders, and has tucked sleeves with short puffs at the top, while the skirt has three cross-way bands on the hem. Another gown of Miss Moore's of charmingly simple detail is of fine white silk muslin, mounted over white silk, the hem trimmed with infinitesimal frills of closely drawn baby ribbon; lace appears again at the neck of this, the bodice being of the simplest order, tied round the waist with a sash of white chiné ribbon.

Then there is the Garrick Theatre, where "My Friend the Prince" is running its merry course. Miss Julia Neisville in the latest shade of biscuit-coloured cloth with the bodice showing an appliqué design over white satin and a belt of black-watered ribbon, crowned with a hat of the brightest cerise straw, is a perfect picture of Fashion as she ought to be, while delightful gowns of pink chiffon and blue chiffon traced with silver sequins, or showing innumerable gatherings and little tucks, decorate the two girls in the last act. And as an example of a simple cloth dress, Miss Massey's grey with a large collar hemmed with white, the bodice being made in blouse style with a long basque and jewelled belt, may be quoted as most worthy. But let me get away from the stage dresses and chronicle the details of that costume sketched here. This is made of one of the new covert coatings in a pale shade of drab with braidings to match, the skirt being panelled to show kiltings of white, white also being used to form its bolero. A remarkably pretty hat crowns this, made of chiffon in bright violet, and it is merely trimmed with a bunch of shaded purple flowers. The little toque which appears in the other column has a crown made of gold jewelled with emeralds; black lace bows also jewelled with the emeralds stand up in the front wreathed with a ruche of green chiffon, while at the back are a couple of pink roses with green leaves.

There are some pretty hats in the market just now, many of them in violet, showing little quillings of glacé silk, simply trimmed with a large bunch of shaded red roses at one side; this is a very popular style, and another scarcely less successful is of biscuit-coloured soft straw, with white tulle brim, with a band of black velvet ribbon drawn through a diamond buckle and tied into a high bow at one side, while a white feather and a black feather wave towards the back. There are many attractive hats made entirely of black—these mostly have chiffon crowns with jet brims or jet crowns with tulle brims, and of the latter style I met an exceedingly attractive example with the crown entirely made of sequin jet; the brim, which projected slightly in the front, was close at the back and was decked with two ruched quillings of black tulle, and at one side there was a group of white tulle rosettes, above which towered a curled osprey in black and a single white ostrich feather.

And now let me answer "Lorna's" question, and assure her that it is, happily, the custom to send wedding-cake to your friends. Without such inducement, indeed, how could we possibly find it in our hearts to buy new frocks for the wedding and spend the remainder of our substance at Mappin and Webb's in a suitable offering?—PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

It is an interesting fact to recall at this moment that all the daughters of our Queen are "above par," intellectually as well as morally. The Empress Frederick and Princess Alice both did much for women in Germany, and each has left a mark on the special sphere of her royal power that will not be effaced in the form of institutions and organisations founded or fostered by her influence and womanly wisdom. The Princesses who have lived among us are well known to be accomplished and industrious followers of arts as well as good works. Princess Christian is an excellent musician. Last week H.R.H. visited the Girls' Club founded by the Hon. Maud Stanley in Soho, and played several pieces on the piano to the girls, much to their enjoyment. Princess Christian is also literary in her tastes. Her selection from the "Letters of Princess Alice to the Queen" was made with tact and frankness, and gave an interesting and instructive glimpse to women of lesser rank into the precincts of a palace, letting us know that the trials and the joys of a royal lady differ not at all in degree or even in kind from those that we all know. Poverty, pain, and even loneliness are mentioned in the Princess's letters as trying her soul, and the love of mother, husband, and children was her chief source of happiness. This book is about to be republished in a cheap edition, revised and provided with a fresh introduction by Princess Christian. Princess Louise, who is the best artist in the royal family, is also open to the charms of literature, and has just consented to become President of the Home Reading Union, a society by which middle-class girls are encouraged and helped in continuing their studies in some directions after leaving school.

That women are not rushing in too great numbers into the new public spheres of duty opened to them of recent years may be inferred from the fact that there are 22,000 guardians of the poor in the kingdom, and of these only 900 are women. On the other hand, it is satisfactory that even so many good quiet women as that have been found to forsake the comforts of their own firesides and undertake this public duty. The figures just cited were stated at the annual meeting of the Society for Promoting the Return of Women as Poor-law Guardians, held at Lord Brassey's house in Park Lane. The report added that there is so much in workhouse management specially suited for the attention of women—such as visiting the infirmary and selecting its nurses, caring for the children, inquiring into certain outdoor cases, helping those paupers who are ready to leave the infirmary after illness, and looking into the details of household management in the workhouses—that every board should have some women members. Three hundred boards, however, are still entirely masculine in composition, and it was urged that in every parish an effort should be made to induce some competent ladies to offer their services to the public in this capacity.

An admirable attempt is being made by the South-Eastern Railway Company to introduce American trains. A daily express runs from Charing Cross to Hastings, in which all classes of passengers are provided with corridor carriages, made with fixed seats as the American ones are, and not with those uncomfortably shaky revolving armchairs that, to my taste, spoil the Brighton "Pullmans." The new train is an undoubted success from the traveller's point of view, and is filled up for every journey; but it is said that it is too expensive to the company to encourage the hope



A CHARMING TOQUE.

that the system will become general. It is eminently to be desired by ladies who have to travel alone that it shall be made a success. Meanwhile, news comes of a further development in the American system in the shape of a "nursery car," specially provided for children travelling with their parents. The new car is to have a thickly carpeted floor and padded sides, in order that the children may run about without fear of bumps if the shaking of the train throws them down; it is to be provided with two or three cots for tiny infants, and to have a special attendant in charge. This will be an immense boon, not only to the mothers of travelling babies, but to the passengers who have no interest in those unhappy mites, and who find them a fidget and a bore without the mitigation of proprietorship. Nor is the tale too good to be true, for American railways already supply, on the best long-distance trains, type-writers, barbers, baths, and ladies'-maids, as well as beds, dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, and libraries. We here are still vainly asking for the elementary boon of safety from enforced shut-up travelling with a maniac or a murderer.

Though the Indian Famine Fund continues to receive subscriptions, yet the well-spring of public munificence is perceptibly diminishing in volume, and this adds force to an appeal that is put forth by Lady Dufferin for clothing for women in India to be made by sewing-parties of ladies here. The Secretary of State will be happy to receive bales of the needful articles at the India Office, London, and transmit them to Calcutta; and exact particulars as to what is wanted can be had from Mrs. Hauser, 48, Bedford Gardens, Kensington. I am requested to mention specially that cast-off English clothing is absolutely useless, only freshly made cotton skirts, and veils of butter muslin or other thin fabric, being of the least service.

Among the special events arranged at the Crystal Palace as memorials of the Queen's Year, a very interesting one promises to be a fancy-dress ball in aid of the nursing department of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association. Lady Methuen is taking the leading part in the arrangements, and the Duchesses of Devonshire and Wellington, the Marchioness of Salisbury, and many other ladies of rank are patronising the event. The directors are arranging for a special train back to town at an early hour of the morning, and the novelty of the *locale* and the chance to don and to see early Victorian costume will probably draw a memorable gathering. Of course, vouchers will be required for the purchase of tickets. It has been decided to try to make the Palace a fashionable resort on Fridays during the London season (and while the Victorian Era Exhibition is running) by charging half-a-crown for admission, and providing a good concert and special band. Season ticket-holders will be admitted to the Palace without extra payment on the half-crown day.

It is in accordance with the Queen's own expressed wish that charity is being made the leading idea in the commemorations of the length of her reign. But the sentiment that desires to associate her personality with the record cannot be entirely repressed, and at Lancaster a town's meeting has resolved by a large majority to erect a statue of the Queen, in place of making a contribution to the Jubilee Nurses' Fund and getting another free nurse in return.

Nearly seven thousand women, we learn from the Report of the Post Office Commission, are now employed in that department of the public service. The women telegraphists, I hear, are much aggrieved that no notice is taken of their grievances beyond the publication of the case in the Report, and the addition of a second language to the subjects of examination for lady clerks and the simultaneous reduction of the commencing salary is also received with great disfavour. F. F.-M.



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"Miss COONEY, Basin View, Fair Hill, Galway, Ireland, is much pleased with the 'Harlene,' and has recommended it to her friends. It has quite stopped the falling of her hair. Please be prompt in sending present order."

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"59, Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill.
"Dear Sir,—I am delighted to add my testimony to the wonderful efficacy of your hair tonic. I never could have credited the effects of 'Harlene' had I not myself proved them.—I am, yours truly, "KATHERINE RAMSEY.
"P.S.—You may publish this, and I will always recommend it if applied to."

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"12, Grove Street, Retford.
"Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in saying that your 'Harlene' is the best I have ever used. I have tried several other so-called restorers, but to no purpose. I was quite bald on the top of my head, but, thanks to your wonderful 'Harlene,' I have a good head of hair now after six weeks' use. You may include this with your other testimonials.—Yours respectfully,
"ARTHUR BLANCHARD."

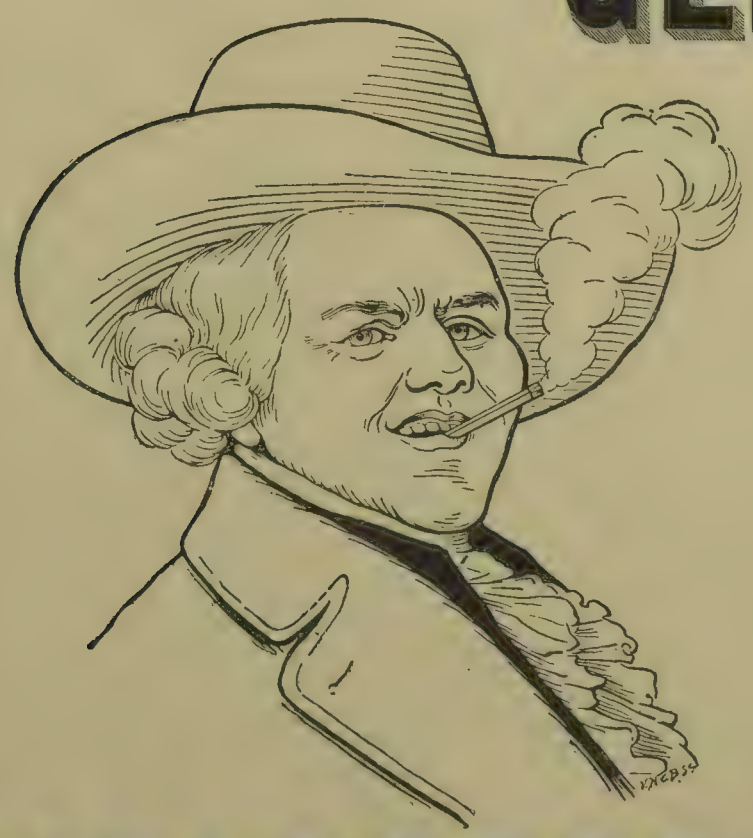
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"44, Third Avenue, Queen's Park.
"Dear Sir,—Mr. Holcombe has recommended me to use the 'Harlene.' I had some from him for a trial, and I think it is very good. I have recommended it to my friends. Enclosed Postal Orders for 14s. 6d. Please forward to Mrs. RENDALL, as above."

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 30, 1888), with six codicils (dated May 30, 1891; Aug. 9, 1893; May 10 and Nov. 2, 1894; and two Oct. 30, 1896), of Mr. Arthur Pemberton Heywood-Lonsdale, J.P., D.L., of 26, Grosvenor Square, and Shavington and Cloverly Park, Shropshire, who died on Feb. 24, was proved on March 18 by Arthur Brooksbank, Adam Steinmetz Kennard, and Robert Gladstone, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £266,398. The testator gives £5000 and certain jewellery, furniture, and effects to his wife, Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Heywood-Lonsdale; £150,000, upon trust, for her, for life, and then as to one third thereof as she shall appoint; his town residence, 26, Grosvenor Square, with the furniture and effects, horses and carriage, all his sporting and other dogs, kennel and other horses (except private hunt horses), live and dead stock, his leasehold house, with the shootings and rights of fishing in Scotland, and £100,000 to his son Henry Pemberton Heywood Heywood-Lonsdale; his properties at Northwich, Cheshire, and at Shrewsbury (the latter held in connection with the *Shropshire Guardian* and the *Shrewsbury Herald*); all his freehold and leasehold estate in Ireland, the residue of his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold properties elsewhere than in Shropshire and Cheshire and not otherwise devised, shares in several companies, the silver-gilt vase presented to his grandfather, John Pemberton Heywood, by the City of York, and £50,000 to his son John Pemberton Heywood Heywood-Lonsdale; all his immovable property and certain shares and a mortgage debt in Canada, or £200,000, as he may elect, upon trust, for his last-named son, for life, and then for his children or remoter descendants as he may appoint, but with power to appoint not exceeding one half of the income to any wife who may survive him; and he makes up the fortune of his daughter Mrs. Anna Maria Lloyd with what he has already settled upon her to £100,000. He bequeaths £1000 each to his sisters, Anna Maria Brooksbank and Elizabeth Fell; £1000 to his nephew, Henry Walter Fell; £500 each to his executors; and £100 each to the children of his said sisters, except his said nephew. The testator's widow is to have the use, for life, of one of his mansion houses, with the furniture and effects and certain jewellery and plate; most of his furniture, jewellery and plate, and all his pictures, prints, and engravings are made heirlooms to go and devolve with the settled estates. The Shropshire and Cheshire estates and the residue of his personal estate are settled upon his son Henry Pemberton Heywood, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male. Every descendant of his (not being a peer or peeress) who may become entitled to the settled estates, if not already bearing that name, is to take the name and bear the arms of Heywood-Lonsdale.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1882), with two codicils (dated Dec. 18 and 28, 1896), of Mr. Thomas Wilde Powell, of Piccards Rough, St. Catherine's, Guildford, a member of the firm of Messrs. Haseltine, Powell, and Co., of 1, Draper's Gardens, E.C., who died on Jan. 3, was proved on March 23 by Charles Marten Powell, Thomas Edmund Powell, and Herbert Andrews Powell, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £195,508. The testator gives his estates in Western Australia, with the cattle, sheep, implements, stocks, etc., all wool in transit and money in the hands of his agent in connection with such property to his three sons in equal shares as tenants in common; and £500 to his sister Rose Powell. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves equally between all his children, but the following sums advanced to or settled on them in his lifetime are to be brought into account, namely, £31,000 to his daughter Christina Lane Herringham; £29,000 to his daughter Mary Elizabeth Turner; £23,500 to his daughter Eleanor Grace; £27,000 to his daughter Rosamond; £21,000 to his daughter Agnes; £19,000 to his daughter Theodora; £25,500 to his son Charles Martin; £28,000 to his son Thomas Edmund, and £22,500 to his son Herbert Andrews.

The will (dated July 17, 1893), with two codicils (dated Dec. 5, 1894, and March 17, 1896), of Mr. Multon Lambarde, J.P., D.L., of Beechmont, near Sevenoaks, Kent, who died on Dec. 21, was proved on March 17 by the Rev. Charles James Lambarde, the brother, and Percy Francis Battiscombe, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £102,119. He gives £1000 and the use for life of Beechmont and certain furniture and effects to his wife Mrs. Marianne Teresa Livesey Lambarde; and during her life £100 per annum is to be paid to his daughter Mrs. Ethel Julia Underwood, and £200 per annum each to his other daughters, except Mrs. Mary Teresa Louisa Young; an annuity of £50 to his sister Harriet Lambarde; £50 per annum to his daughter-in-law Minna Lambarde; £4000, upon trust, to his daughter Mrs. M. T. L. Young; and an annuity to his gardener. He devises Beechmont, subject to the life interest of Mrs. Lambarde, and all manors, lands, advowsons, and freehold property, subject to the payment of £800 per annum to his widow during her life, to his son William Gore Lambarde for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. Should the livings of Ash and Ridley become vacant during the life of Randolph William Richard Traill, they are to be presented to him. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life; at her decease he bequeaths £8000 each to his daughters Maud Eleanor, Grace Ellen, and Edith Gwendoline; £9000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Harriet Beatrice Battiscombe; £5100, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Ethel Julia Underwood, and the ultimate residue to his son William Gore Lambarde.

The will (dated April 29, 1891), with a codicil (dated May 10, 1895), of Mr. Thomas Kingston Austin, J.P., of 33, Edwards Square, Kensington, and formerly of Talbot Lodge, Blackrock, Dublin, who died on Jan. 20, was proved on March 18 by Henry Evans Austin and Charles Howard Austin, the sons, John Hampton Hale and Arthur Walter Mills, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £52,131. The testator gives £100, an annuity of £300 on condition that she does not reside in Ireland for more than one week in every year, and the income of £1000 to his wife; and £50 each to his sons Henry Evans Austin, Charles Howard Austin, and William Beresford Austin. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his children as tenants in common.

The will (dated July 29, 1889), with two codicils (dated Dec. 9, 1893, and July 3, 1894), of Major-General Cecil Robert St. John Ives, J.P., of Moyns Park, Halstead, Essex, who died on July 11 last, was proved on March 20 by Baron Talbot de Malahide and Edmund Henry Ellis, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £39,353 3s. 5d. The testator confirms the marriage settlement of his daughter Violet Maud Cecil Walker, and directs that, should she not succeed to certain property in Scotland, the trustees of the said settlement are to be paid £20,000. He gives £3000, all accrued rents in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the use for life of his household furniture, plate, pictures, etc., to his wife, and £200 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, the Hon. Susan Ann Ives, for life, and then to his younger daughters in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1896) of Mr. Matthew Brown, of Scaurbank, Arthurst, Cumberland, who died on Nov. 27, was proved at the Carlisle District Registry on Feb. 19 by Mrs. Jessie Robertson Brown, the widow, Robert Tannahill Robertson, and Anthony Nichol Bowman, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £34,463. The testator gives £100 each to his nephew Joseph Brown and his niece Jane Lydia Graham; and during the life of his wife annuities of £200 to his daughter Mrs. Jane Welsh, and of £100 to his daughter Margaret Bennett Brown. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her decease £10,000 is to be held upon trust for his daughter Mrs. Welsh and her children, and the ultimate residue is to go to his daughter Margaret.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1893), with three codicils (dated Feb. 12, April 8, and July 17, 1896), of Mr. Charles John Peele, of Childown Hall, Chertsey, who died on Nov. 3, was proved on March 18 by the Rev. Henry Evan Brandram Peele, the brother, and Andrew Brandram, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £25,803. The testator instructs his executors to purchase a steam life-boat of the latest pattern and of the best maker, to be called the *Helen Peele*, and to present it to the National Life-boat Institution, to be stationed on some part of the coast, and he expresses a wish that it should be stationed at Lowestoft. He gives £10,000 and his personal effects to his brother, the Rev. Henry Evan Brandram Peele; £500 to Andrew Brandram; £250 each to Miss A. J. Brandram, Charles George Brandram, and Dorothy Brandram; £1000 to the men in the employ of his firm of Brandram Brothers and Co., Rotherhithe, who have been in such employ since 1875, and £500 between the men who have been in such employ half that time; £100 each to his

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STERLING SILVER & "PRINCE'S PLATE" (Regd. 71,552)

Guaranteed to retain its Splendid Appearance and Wear like Silver for 25 Years.



Breakfast-Dish, with Fluted Cover and Handsome Mounts. Converts into three dishes by simply removing the handle. Large size in Prince's Plate, £6 15s.



"THE GROSVENOR."
Mappin and Webb's latest Registered Design.



Liqueur-Set, with quaintly fashioned Flask, and Glasses in clear iridescent glass; mounted on Prince's Plate Tray, 10 in. in diameter. Complete, £3 15s.

GOODS SENT TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.

The New "Breakfast-in-Bed" Set, in "Louis" design, White Coalport China on Prince's Plate Tray, and Folding Stand. Fitted complete with Prince's Plate, Tea or Coffee Pot, Butter-Knife and Sugar-Tongs, Pearl Handle Knife, and Coalport ware, as illustrated, £10.

This Tray and Stand can be adapted to take Customer's own fitments if desired.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE.



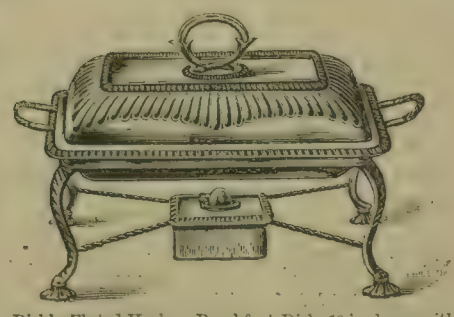
(*Registered Design.*)

The "Surprise" Egg-Frame, inclosing Six Egg-Cups in a Casket, thus keeping the eggs hot. By a half turn of the handle the egg-cups are brought to view. Prince's Plate, richly Chased and Fluted (as illustrated), £7 15s. Plain, £6 10s.



Fluted Hot Water-Jug, with Ebony Handle and Knob.

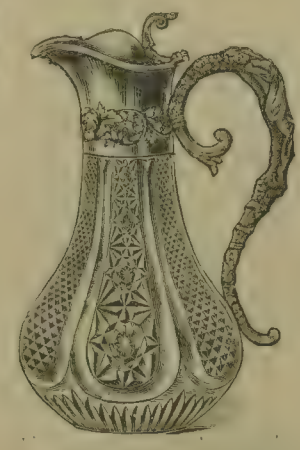
	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
¾ pint	£3 0 0	£5 0 0
1 ,,	3 5 0	6 0 0
1½ ,,	3 10 0	7 0 0



Richly Fluted Hash or Breakfast-Dish, 10 in. long, with Loose Inner Dish and Drainer, Spirit Lamp and Stand, complete. Prince's Plate, £6 15s.



Richly Chased Octagon Flower-Bowl on Ebonised Plinth, complete, £4 15s.



Cut Glass Claret-Jug, with richly Chased Prince's Plate Mounts, £4 5s.
With Sterling Silver Mounts, £7 10s.

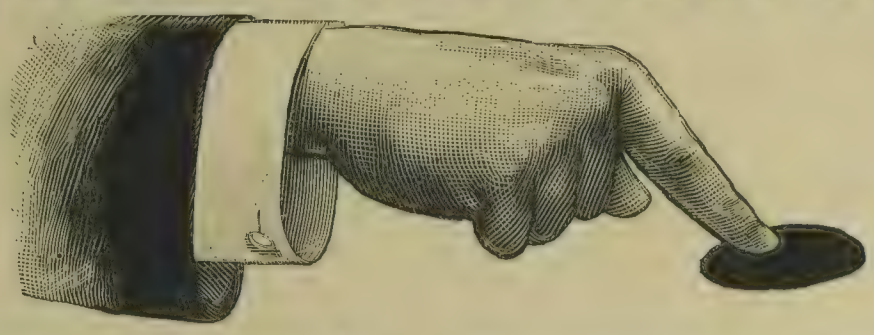
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(FACING THE MANSION HOUSE.) MANUFACTORY AND SHOW-ROOMS: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK ST., SHEFFIELD.

THE HOMOCEA CO.'S PREPARATIONS

ALL TOUCH



THE SPOT

WHAT'S TRUE OF ONE IS TRUE OF ALL.

Read This! Read This! Read This!

THE EVENT THAT MAKES 1897 MEMORABLE IS THE DEBUT OF

HOMOCEA SOAP.

THE PERFECTION OF PURITY. IT SOFTENS THE HARDEST WATER.
PRODUCES THE MOST VELVETY LATHER. WHITENS AND SOFTENS THE SKIN.

Comparisons are said to be invidious, but we feel it as due to the public as to ourselves to publish the following Certificate of THE WELL-KNOWN ANALYTIC CHEMIST DR. GOODFELLOW.

CERTIFICATE.

"The Laboratory, Bow and Bromley Institute, London, E., March 4th, 1897.

"THE DIRECTORS, HOMOCEA (LIMITED).

"Dear Sirs,—According to your instructions, I have made a careful analysis, and an experimental investigation into the properties of Homocea when combined with soap, and herewith append my report: The special Homocea used for this purpose contains about 50 per cent. of pure, sweet, neutral fat in conjunction with several antiseptic, stimulating, and softening agents of acknowledged value. I found that it had a considerable effect in softening water, reducing the hardness about 30 per cent. In one experiment a well water showed 17 deg. of total hardness. After treating 70 cc. with 7 grams of Homocea, the total hardness came down to 11·7 deg. I have also examined the soap with which Homocea is mixed, and I found it to be a very superior neutral preparation containing no free alkali. The addition of Homocea in suitable proportions to a high-class ordinary toilet soap has the following effects on the composition and properties—

(1) The percentage of neutral fat is increased.
(2) The softening powers are enhanced by over 20 per cent.
(3) It becomes distinctly antiseptic, and acquires stimulating properties which are not possessed by ordinary soap.

"The value of the soap as a cleansing and emollient agent on the skin is, in my opinion, notably increased. Being free from uncombined alkali, and superfatted, it is exceedingly mild in its action, and leaves the skin beautifully soft and clean, while the fragrant antiseptic oil and special tonic bodies which it contains have a most beneficial effect. Homocea soap lathers much more freely than ordinary soap, and is thus more economical, the waste by curdling being considerably reduced. Summing up the result of my analysis and experiments, I have no hesitation in saying that the addition of Homocea to ordinary soap as carried out in the samples submitted to me effects a distinct improvement in the general action on the skin.

(Signed) "JOHN GOODFELLOW, Ph.D., F.R.M.S."

"Dear Sirs,—According to your further instructions I have carefully tested the water softening and lathering properties of Homocea soap against (1) ordinary soap (neutral); (2) two largely advertised toilet soaps referred to respectively as A and B, with the following results—

Volume of Water. 21 deg. total Hardness.	Strength of Soap. Solution.	No. of CC. wasted before lather is formed.	Name of Soap.
420 CC	1 per cent.	100	Homocea.
420 CC	1 per cent.	110	A. Toilet.
420 CC	1 per cent.	117·6	B. Toilet.
420 CC	1 per cent.	128·5	Ordinary.

"From this it is evident that the waste in Homocea soap is over 28 per cent. less than ordinary soap, 17 per cent. less than toilet soap B, and over 10 per cent. less than toilet soap A, and is thus correspondingly more economical. This result is due to the superior water softening qualities of Homocea soap when compared with the soaps indicated.

"March 17, 1897. "JOHN GOODFELLOW, Ph.D., F.R.M.S."

THIS SOAP IS MOST DELICATELY SCENTED, AND THE AROMA REMAINS FOR HOURS.

Prices: FAMILY TOILET HOMOCEA SOAP ... **4d.**
,, ,, ,, ,, ... **9d.**
10 per cent. ,, ,, ,, ... **1s.**

The Latter is guaranteed to contain 10 per cent. of HOMOCEA.

In order that the Public may have the opportunity of satisfying themselves as to the valuable nature of the Homocea preparations, the Proprietors have decided to offer

AN OFFER FREE! FREE! FREE!

For we do not fear comparison. A 9d. cake can be had by calling at 98, Strand, or 92, Hamilton Street, Birkenhead, free. This offer holds good for four days only.

HOMOCEA SOAP ONCE USED ALWAYS USED.

HOMOCEA NURSERY POWDER.

THE POWDER for BABIES and others. Never sours or ferments. Price 1s. and 6d.

A 6d. Packet may also be had FREE on calling for the next four days as above.

People who have not hitherto been able to use soap without causing discomfort, especially when the water is hard, now say

HOMOCEA SOAP

IS SIMPLY PERFECTION,

for it lathers most beautifully in the hardest water, Whitens and Softens the Skin, and Allays Irritation. Simply Perfect for Babies. It is the Soap of the Age, the Wonderful Age,

THE VICTORIAN ERA,

which has the added *éclat* of being Her Most Gracious Majesty's Record Reign.

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!

VET. HOMOCEA

FOR KENNEL, STABLE, AND FARM.

Price **9d., 2s., 4s.,** and **8s.** per Tin.

A BIG OFFER! A BIG OFFER!

NEVER TO BE REPEATED.

All the above, viz.: 9d. Cake TOILET SOAP,
6d. Package NURSERY POWDER, 9d. Box VET. HOMOCEA,

Sent anywhere for **4d.,** to pay postage and packing, if ordered within the next 4 days, at the London Dépôt, 98, Strand, W.C., or at

The HOMOCEA CO. (Ltd.), 9, HAMILTON ST., BIRKENHEAD.

Anyone calling can procure same FREE.

REMEMBER this offer is only good for FOUR DAYS. Name paper.

HOMOCEA TOUCHES THE SPOT AND SOOTHES THE ACHING PART

OF ALL AFFLICTED WITH

BRUISES	NEURALGIA	CUTS
ECZEMA	TOOTHACHE	SORES
BURNS	FACEACHE	BOILS
ULCERS	CHILBLAINS	STINGS

&c., &c.

THE BEST REMEDY IN THE WORLD FOR PILES.

"HOMOCEA" should be in every Cottage, Palace, Workshop, Barracks, &c., &c. No discovery in the World of Healing Remedies has had such high testimony.

HOMOCEA Touches the SPOT and Cures Neuralgia.

Lady VINCENT, 8, Ebury Street, London, says it is such an incomparable application for Rheumatic Neuralgia that she wishes to have two more tins sent.

HOMOCEA Touches the SPOT and Cures Inflammation.

HENRY M. STANLEY says: "'Homocea' I find to be the most soothing and efficacious unguent that I could possibly have. It is also instantly mollifying in cases of acute inflammation."

HOMOCEA Touches the SPOT and Cures Rheumatism.

Lord COMBERMERE writes: "Carlton Club, London. I have tried your 'Homocea' upon myself for Rheumatism, and have found it to do more good than any embrocation I have ever used, and several of my friends have benefited by its use.—COMBERMERE."

HOMOCEA Touches the SPOT and Cures Neuralgia.

The Hon. Mrs. THOMPSON, Ackworth Moor Top, Pontefract, Feb. 1, 1894, desires to testify to the great value of "Homocea" as a cure for Neuralgia, having received great benefit from using it. Mrs. Thompson, therefore, has great pleasure in strongly recommending it, and in allowing her testimony to be publicly used.

HOMOCEA Touches the SPOT and Cures Bruises, Cuts, &c.

Lady KEANE has much pleasure in recommending "Homocea" as an invaluable remedy for Rheumatism, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, &c. She thinks so highly of it that she would not do without it in the house.—Hillside, Bracknell, Berks.

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THE HOMOCEA CO., LIMITED, BIRKENHEAD.

executors, and specific legacies to persons in the employ of Brandram Brothers and Co. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to build, found, and endow almshouses for married couples who are teetotalers and who have resided near Childown for ten years, to be called the "Helen Peele Memorial Almshouses."

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1893), with two codicils (dated Feb. 1, 1895, and June 3, 1896), of Lady Eliza Williamsa Anne Saunderson, of Wimborne Lodge, Bournemouth, who died at Nice on Feb. 13, has been proved by Captain Francis De Luttrell Saunderson, the brother-in-law, and Sir Dudley Gordon Alan Duckworth King, Bart., the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £13,375. The testatrix gives £1000 and her household furniture and jewels to her sister, Lady Louisa Georgiana Knox; an annuity of £88 to Miss Jane Georgina Donelan; £3000 to Captain Francis De L. Saunderson; £1000 to her niece, Rose Maria Hibbert; £500 to Edward Williams; £1000 each to Evelyn Caroline King and Esther E. Saunderson; £500 to Frances Humphreys; £300 to her godson, Lionel John Archdall; £200 to Hugh Archdall; and an annuity to her servant John Wilson. The residue of her property she leaves to her brother-in-law, Captain Francis De L. Saunderson.

The will (dated May 21, 1896) of the Right Hon. Katharine, Baroness Grantley, of 12, Upper Grosvenor Street, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on March 20 by Reginald Bingham, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £11,665. The testatrix states that her son is provided for, and, in token of her great love for him, she directs her executor to select the most beautiful piece of jewellery she may die possessed of, and to give it to her son on his coming of age. The residue of her property she leaves to such of her daughters as shall attain twenty-one or marry under that age, in equal shares.

The will of General Henry Blois Turner, R.E., of 131, Harley Street, who died on Jan. 28, was proved on March 15 by Mrs. Ada Mary Eugénie Turner, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £7726.

The will of Mr. James Douglas Kennedy, J.P., of Scarthwaite, near Lancaster, who died in Rome on Feb. 16, was proved on March 19 by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Kennedy, the widow and executrix, the value of the personal estate being £2212.

The will of Sir William Chaytor, Bart., of Croft Hall, Darlington, Yorkshire, and formerly of Clervaux Castle, Croft, who died on Aug. 8, was proved in the District Registry at York on March 9 by George Duberly, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate being £1636.

The will of Mr. Henry Vigers, of Vigers Hall, Tavistock, Devon, and Wilminster Park, Berks, who died on Jan. 30, was proved on March 19 by Thomas Parker Caldicott and Mrs. Eliza Vigers Caldicott, the niece, the value of the personal estate being £2234.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

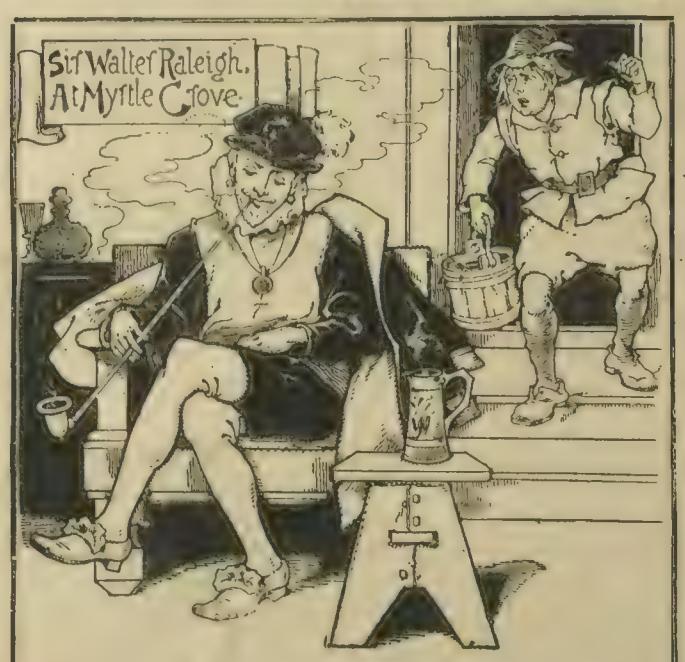
There has been a storm in Scotland over the refusal of the Bishop of Aberdeen to allow Dean Lefroy, of Norwich, to preach in the Chapel of Aberdeen University. Dean Lefroy had promised to give a religious lecture in the Mitchell Hall of the University, and he accepted at the same time an invitation to preach in the University Chapel. The Bishop of Aberdeen stepped in, and Dean Lefroy withdrew. The incident, which would have passed almost without comment in England, has raised a storm in Scotland. Sir William Geddes, the Principal of the University of Aberdeen, has written strongly worded letters in the newspapers condemning the Bishop's action, and several leading Episcopal clergymen, including Archdeacon Aglen and Dean Rorison, have expressed their regret. Scotland is so overwhelmingly Presbyterian that the little body of Episcopalians are regarded with a certain amused toleration, and the fact that they claim to be the one true Church of Scotland has never really entered the Scotch mind. It is thought that the incident will severely check the movement on the part of certain clergy of the Church of Scotland for union with the Episcopal Church.

The appointment of the Rev. Lindon Parkyn as Dean of Ballarat has created some dissatisfaction. It will be remembered that Mr. Parkyn was formerly a Congregational minister. This is perhaps the first case where a Dissenting minister received into the Church has obtained the rank of a Church dignitary. The post which Mr. Parkyn has

"MYRTLE GROVE" TOBACCO.

For Pipe or Cigarette.

Sweet. Cool. Fragrant.



"At Myrtle Grove Sir Walter Raleigh was soothing his mind with the Tobacco he had brought from Virginia when his Irish Servant, thinking his Master was on fire, dashed water over him."

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Do you suffer from Headache and those feelings of fatigue and exhaustion that make the fulfilling of your engagements a real burden? The head in which one-sixth of the blood in the body circulates, is one of the most important portions of the human frame, and it is of the greatest importance to keep it clear and free from pain. Headache, brain weariness, fatigue, and exhaustion are all cured by that marvellous discovery, which received the highest award at the Paris Exhibition, and is highly recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal,"

Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine.

Mr. J. Brekthought, Lower Broughton, Manchester, writes us, saying: "It takes up the pain and bears it away." Overworked business men who suffer from exhaustion and headache, students who know what brain fag is, and ladies who are prostrated by the excitement of shopping and sight-seeing, will find Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine exactly meet their case. Test it and take care that the label bears the name of Alfred Bishop. It is supplied by all Chemists at 1/1½ and 2/-; or of Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Mile End New Town, London.

THE PLAIN TRUTH TELLS

Cured



CLAXTON'S PATENT EAR-CAP.

For Remedying Prominent Ears, Preventing Disfigurement in after life, Keeps the Hair Tidy.

In all sizes.

Send measure round head just above ears. Price 3s. 6d.

I. L. CLAXTON, 62, STRAND.

FRANZ JOSEF APERIENT WATER.

Highly Appreciated all over the World for Twenty Years past.

Is the Only Palatable Natural Aperient Water

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Designs are exact size, and all Goods sent free and safe by Post. Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties in Jewellery, Silver, and Electro Plate (4000 Illustrations) Post Free.

SPECIAL.—The Association of Diamond Merchants, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C., give highest Prices for Precious Stones, Second-Hand Jewellery, and Old Gold, having Customers who prefer Second-Hand Articles. This has been a successful Department with the Association many years. Anything sent to them receives attention by return of post.



Diamond Cutting Factory, Amsterdam. THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, AND SILVERSMITHS, 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. Telegraphic Address: "Ruspoli, London."

Invaluable to those who have to clean and handle their own Cycles. Serves the double purpose of keeping the hands clean and free from oil, and polishing the machine.

Quality A, 1/8 per pair.
„ AA, 1/10 „



ALSO "SELVYT"
POLISHING CLOTHS AND DUSTERS.

For polishing Silver, Plate, Glass, Furniture, &c. Never become greasy, and are as good as new when washed. Kept in stock by all Drapers, Ironmongers, Stores, Upholsterers, Oilmen, Chemists, Cycle Dealers, &c. Patented and Trade-Marked all over the world. In case of any difficulty, address—
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CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL

10/- Post Free.

The approved CURE for



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HAY FEVER
COUGHS
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As all the ailments mentioned above arise from ONE CAUSE, They can, therefore, be cured by ONE REMEDY, viz.:

THE CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL

Recommended by Leading Physicians,

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H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia.	The Marquis of Ripon, K.G.	Countess Manvers.
The Duke of Argyll, K.T.	The Earl of Derby, K.G.	Countess of Enniskillen.
The Duke of Fife, K.T.	Earl Spencer, K.G.	Countess of Ravensworth.
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received is undoubtedly an important one, three of its previous holders having been appointed Bishops.

The Right Hon. S. J. Way, D.C.L., Chief Justice of South Australia, who has been made a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, is a Methodist, the son of a Bible Christian minister, and is still a member of the small Bible Christian denomination. On a recent visit to England he received a cordial greeting from the Bible Christian ministers in their representative assembly, and said that he thought it one of the greatest honours he had ever received.

Dean Farrar of Canterbury, who has not been very well, is to spend Easter in Rome. The Dean of Rochester hopes to return from Nice for Holy Week and Easter.

Father Black announces that he is not going over to the Church of Rome. The English Church, he says, commands, as she has ever done, his reason and his heart.

The Cowley Fathers explain that they did not know that Father Maturin was "notoriously shaky" when they allowed him to accept preaching engagements. At a time when Father Maturin was known to be in difficulties about Rome he was withdrawn from active work by his superiors for a twelvemonth.

The confirmations for the year in the Church of England number 228,000. Of these nearly 20,000 were in London, which is a small proportion for a city of the size. It is estimated that there is an increase of over 60,000 communicants, bringing the total up to about 1,840,000. The increase is fairly satisfactory. There is daily Eucharist in four cathedrals—St. Paul's, Worcester, Truro, and Newcastle, and the number of afternoon or evening communions has increased to 1980; 704 persons have been ordained, the lowest figure for many years, except in 1894.

The Rev. Horace Meyer, formerly Vicar of Christ Church, Clifton, has succumbed to an operation. He was a very well-known Evangelical clergyman.

Church newspapers are pleased with Mr. Balfour for carrying his Education Bill without the alteration of a single phrase or the addition of a single amendment.

Dr. Barry, the great literary man of the Roman Catholic Church, says that the despair of the Church at present are the so-called Latin nations. The Roman Catholic Church is winning most in America, England, Holland, and Germany.

A correspondent of the *Guardian* finds it impossible to believe that the doctrine of Transubstantiation has been that of the Church of England in the past. He thinks this is shown by existing documents, by the declaration against Transubstantiation in Article 28, and by the whole history of our Reformation. On the other hand, he sees that this doctrine is held by a large and increasing part of the Anglican Church now.

The service which is to be held outside St. Paul's Cathedral on June 22 will be a very impressive ceremony, although the services of the previous Sunday, the actual anniversary of the Queen's accession, are to be considered the central feature of the public thanksgiving. An altar is to be erected for the occasion on the steps at the western entrance to the Cathedral, and before this altar a solemn "Te Deum" of thanksgiving will be sung by the massed choirs of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Archbishop of Canterbury, as Primate of All England, will give the blessing.

V.

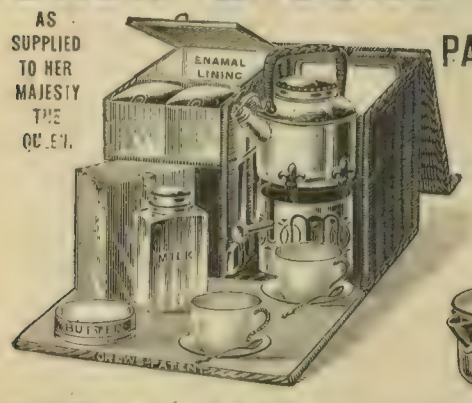
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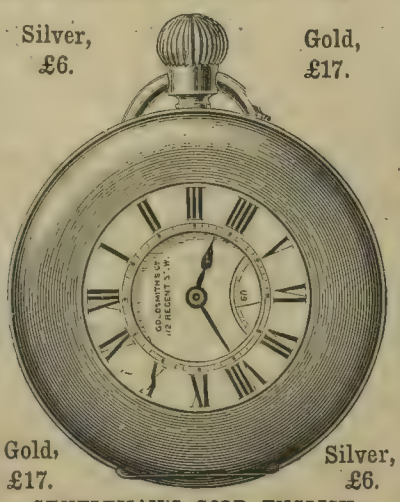
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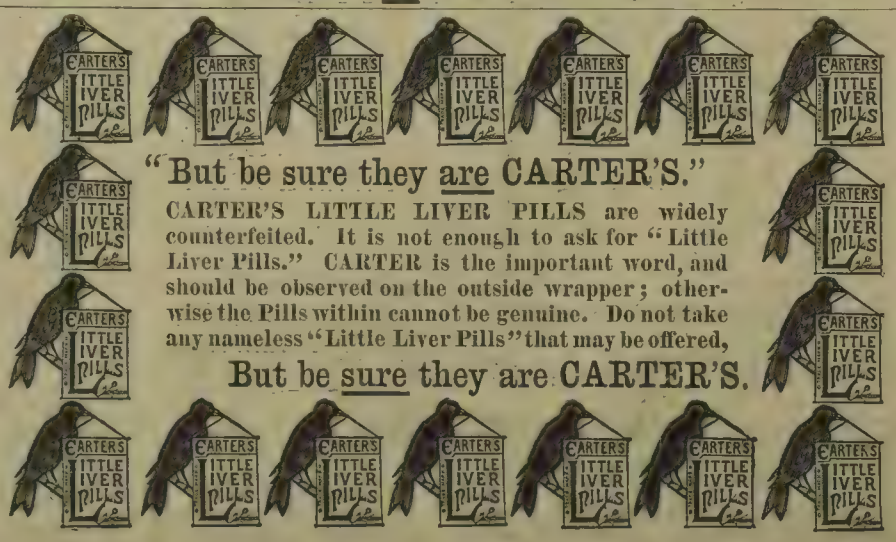
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Of the proposing of memorials for the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee there is no end. Every class of her Majesty's subjects, every profession, and every trade is presumed to be eager to mark its own importance as well as that of the event to be celebrated. Our esteemed contemporary the *Studio* has been collecting the opinion of the artists as to the formation of a "Victorian Museum of Arts," and some of the views expressed are eminently characteristic; but Mr. G. F. Watts, whose eighty years take him back to the days when George III. was King, finds in his memory many remains of more picturesque times. The majority, however, of the artists cordially concur in the idea, but several are daunted by the expense involved in building an adequate museum, and others by the difficulty of stocking it with representative work of the Victorian age. If we might offer a suggestion, both difficulties would in a measure be met by adapting the Tate Gallery, now in course of erection at Millbank. We might safely prophesy that contributions from living artists in either money or kind might be easily utilised in providing either a separate section in this building for the Victorian arts and crafts, or by supplementing the existing collection of Mr. Tate's pictures.

A meeting of Post-Office letter-carriers was held on March 25 at the Memorial Hall to consider the proposals of Lord Tweedmouth's Committee of Inquiry concerning employment and remuneration in that service. Professor Stuart, M.P., presided. It was resolved that the abolition of Christmas-boxes should be compensated by a higher rate of wages.

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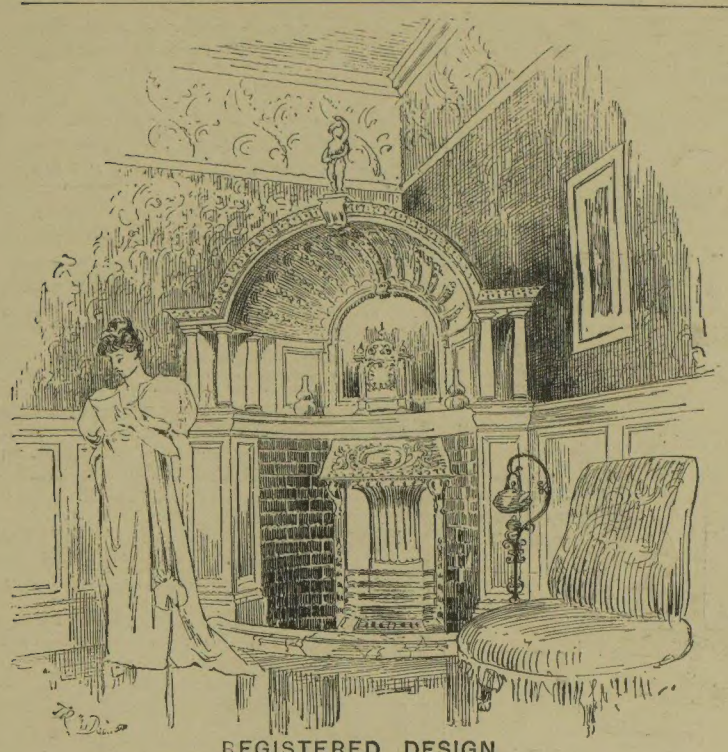
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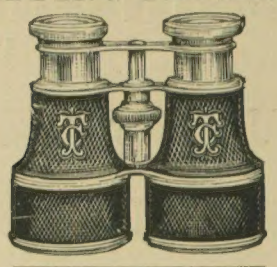
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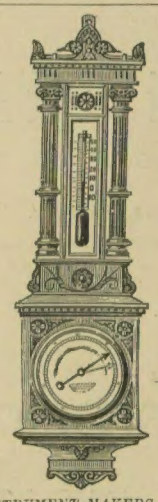
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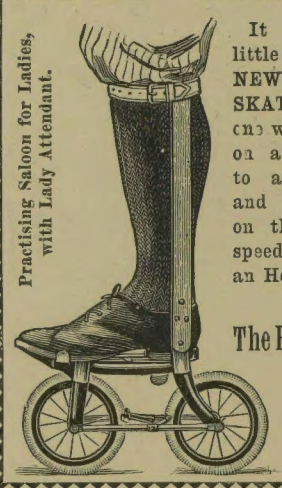
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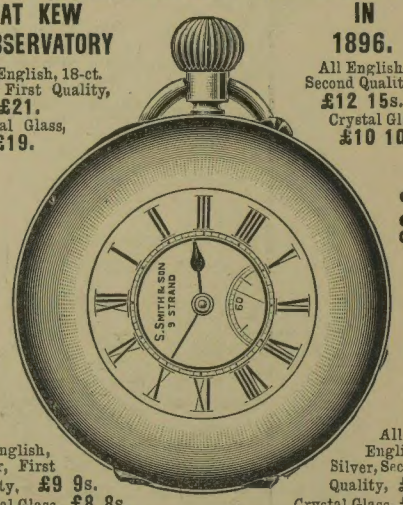
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